JOHN BULL

2½D

VOL. LXX 1837

NOW FOR THE ACID TEST
By A.G.G.

OPEN LETTER TO GOEBBELS

PLAN FOR THE BRAVE
By The Editor

The best is worth seeking

Selo Films are still available in limited quantities and although you may have to search for them, your reward will be the unsurpassed results that Selo Films always give.

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Victory

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WAR WORK

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR AND NATIONAL SERVICE

What to give war-time convalescents and invalids who cannot take solid food

IT is never easy to know just what food to give to invalids and convalescents, and wartime restrictions tend to accentuate the difficulty.

Nine times out of ten, Horlicks can solve this problem. There are very few illnesses during which Horlicks may not be taken with great benefit.

It has many advantages.

First, Horlicks is easily digested even by the most delicate system. It often proves to be the only food that a patient can retain and absorb. In hospitals as well as in private practice, Horlicks is prescribed by doctors for patients suffering from gastric and duodenal ulcers.

Secondly, the milk sugar and malt sugars in Horlicks pass into the bloodstream very quickly. That is why Horlicks has a revivifying effect. It creates warmth and energy almost at once. For this reason it is an excellent thing to give Horlicks to anyone suffering from shock.

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* * *

We ask the forbearance of users of Horlicks when their chemists or grocers are temporarily without stock. Every effort is being made to ensure the most equitable distribution of the supplies of Horlicks that are available.

HORLICKS

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—that's dangerous!

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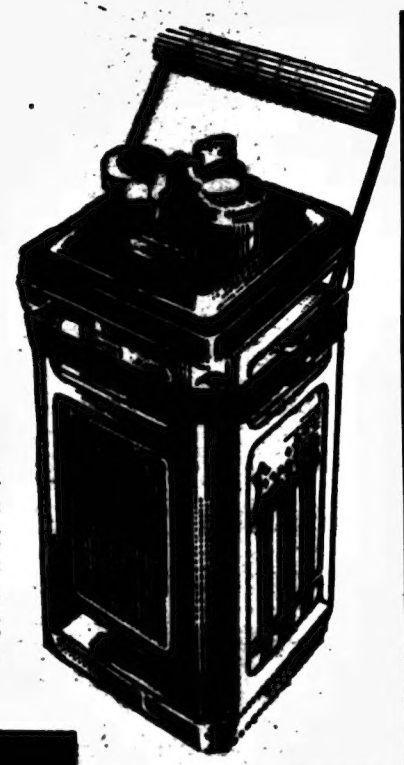

To save time, trouble and money on batteries, fit one you can be sure is going to last and last. The battery that, as everyone knows, 'still keeps going when the rest have stopped' is Exide.

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'Still keep going when the rest have stopped'

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WSEC 31/41

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 30, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

HESITATION

● **Japan hesitates. . . . Why?**

American long-range bombers are going to Vladivostock. Soviet bombers, too, in plenty.

Within 500 miles of Vladivostock is all that matters of the coast of Japan.

Japan's main cities are as near that port as Berlin is to London.

But with this difference. Japanese cities are as inflammable as Japanese fire-balloons.

And Japan could not hit back. The nearest Soviet industrial bases are 2,000 miles out of reach of Japanese aeroplanes.

It would be unthinkably one-sided.

Hitler still calls for action from his Far Eastern toady.

And still Japan's mouth is willing but her flesh is weak. She would like an easier prey.

Maybe Hitler will succeed in forcing the issue. Moreover, Japan's warlords have moved so far that it would be difficult for them to climb down.

"Loss of face" is the one unforgivable crime in their calendar.

But there are indications that they realise the danger they are courting.

That is why they are hesitating—and hoping that Germany will be able to smash Russia quickly and thus make their aggrandisement free from the terrible peril of fire-bombs to their matchwood cities.

Straight from the Shoulder

THIRD ROUND OPENS

SECOND anniversary of the outbreak of the Second World War finds us still unprepared to strike at the enemy with all our strength.

Still we are hoping to be ready "next year."

That may be a better prospect than "Sometime, never." But the public is entitled to ask why the bright prospects accorded to this year have faded.

Big Gains but—

It is an intelligent question. The public is not ignorant of the immensity of the task we have undertaken.

There is no belittling of the substantial achievements already accomplished. The magnificent gains made by the three Fighting Forces are fully appreciated.

—not Big Enough

The fact remains that we still lack the equipment needed for a decisive offensive.

And the reason is to be found in two words:

Muddle. Delay.

Double Delay

There has been delay in telling the U.S.A. the types and number of weapons we require.

No doubt there has also been delay by Uncle Sam in mobilising his industrial resources. Some Britons are becoming critical of him.

But people who live in glasshouses should not throw stones.

Under-strength

We have not yet mobilised our own resources.

After two years of the most frightful peril that has ever confronted our islands, we are still far from working to capacity.

Machines are idle. Men and women are idle.

Problem Remains

Even so elementary and essential a problem as manpower has not yet been decided.

There is no hint that the Government has made up its mind how many men can be spared for the Fighting Forces and how many must be retained in industry.

There is, however, much evidence that industrial workers are delayed by muddles in the supply of raw material, by muddled managements and muddled regulations.

Strike for Work

What a commentary on our need for planes that workers at one of the greatest aircraft factories threaten to strike!

They demand more work.

One shop steward states that the plant is producing only one-third of capacity. Another counted the loss of 1,233 hours in the tool room alone during a single week.

Locked Out

What an example of red tape madness that expert workers should be locked-out for a whole day if their 'bus arrives three minutes late!

Yet this has happened to aircraft technicians who were transferred to a distant factory to *speed up* production.

It happens to shipyard workers. It victimises munition workers.

Masses of Muddle

Week by week, complaints of muddle stream into JOHN BULL'S office.

There are bound to be a few slips, says officialdom, when vast industries are swung over to war production.

A few, yes. But why thousands?

And why should they persist after two years of war?

Puzzling

Some war factories are crying for labour. Others have the labour but no work.

Last week, a Government official took men from one factory and sent them to another.

In the first, they were making gun turrets for Wellington, Stirling and Manchester bombers.

In the second, they are finishing a funeral hearse.

On the "Dole"

After five months' training at public expense, a man qualified as a machine-tool fitter. He was given a job which lasted a fortnight.

Then he was regretfully sacked because of shortage of work.

Another has been on the "dole" ever since he passed his tests.

If you read this page regularly, you'll know that those two cases are typical of many.

Turned Away

Now there's talk of conscripting young women.

Yet those who volunteer cannot find work.

Many have been waiting months; week by week the employment exchanges tell them: "Nothing for you."

Must it be left to newspapers to tell them of a factory near London that needs hundreds of women for wages of £3 5s. a week?

Long Wait

One girl, accepted for the W.A.A.F. six months ago, is still drawing unemployed benefit.

Again we say, this is typical of many cases.

Again we say, Britain is wasting labour.

Men on short time in reserved occupations are refused transfers. Yet busy men on important work are pushed into khaki.

Gas-Mask Inspectors

We are told that the intake of labour in factories must be accelerated by 60 per cent. Yet inspectors can be spared to visit every post office to see if the clerks are carrying gas-masks.

Those inspectors should be released for some real work in war factories.

Not, we hasten to add, for the Army. The Army already has far too many people compiling shoals of useless forms.

Officialdom!

Red tape is indeed gaining a stranglehold. The more officials that are recruited, the greater the wastage of time becomes.

Industry is deluged with forms. Employers have to recruit extra staff to deal with them.

But the more forms filled up, the slower becomes the payment on official orders.

Even the schoolboys who helped with forestry work during their holidays have had to fill up forms, but are still waiting for their pay envelopes!

Black Outlook

Not only does officialdom muddle manpower and waste industrial power, it hampers the use of fuel for power.

The coal situation goes from bad to worse.

There is still time to remedy it, for the latest excuse of insufficient transport will not bear examination.

It Can Be Done

The railways transported a whole army in a few days after the Dunkirk evacuation.

They could carry a huge load of coal over a period of months.

Trains for Trippers

Note that they still find it possible to run hundreds of trains to take trippers to Blackpool.

Incidentally, those trippers find plenty of food awaiting them, and landladies don't hesitate to push billeted soldiers into basements to accommodate them.

The trippers' trains should be taken off for coal traffic. And the trippers' food should be sent to the mining villages.

Nonsense!

Britain has the closest network of railways of any country in the world.

To suggest that it cannot handle more coal traffic is preposterous nonsense.

Is the Government too fearful of vested interests to organise transport on a war basis?

You Can Guess

That question raises two others whose answers may be left to your imagination:

Was Lord Reith moved from the Ministry of Transport because he advocated railway nationalisation?

Was Colonel Moore-Brabazon similarly moved on because his milder idea of unification was too Socialistic for the Cabinet?

General Feeling

Now, JOHN BULL is not "again the Government." We have paid tribute to the Government on many occasions.

We co-operate daily with Government Departments, passing to them much of the information which we deem worthy of official action.

But we have never disguised our disappointment at the Government's failure to harness the country's might *as quickly as possible.*

Similar disappointment has been vehemently voiced in Parliament. It is shared by the general public.

Critical Session

Next session in Parliament will be the most critical the Government has faced.

It may be cheered by the matchless oratory that Mr. Churchill again showed in last Sunday's broadcast.

But it will also demand greater help for our Russian allies, now bearing the war's full brunt, and for greater preparations for our own grapple with the enemy.

Knock-Out Wanted

He was a wise man who said that all things come to the other fellow if you will only sit down and wait.

Britain is not willing to wait indefinitely.

It has done big things in the war's second round. It wants to do bigger things in the third round. And it must!

(Continued overleaf)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

ORANGES are going to the badly bombed towns, says Lord Woolton.

Well, London has been badly bombed. But parts of London haven't seen an orange.

One London woman has brought piles of oranges back from a Midlands town, which has heard bombs only twice.

In a village nearby she bought enough gigantic dessert oranges to make 16 lb. of marmalade. The village hasn't heard a bomb since 1917.

Real Onions!

She also saw big Spanish onions piled up on the stalls in the town. True, she had to queue up for them, but they were sold at the controlled price.

Preference for badly bombed towns? Someone has deceived Lord Woolton.

Food Wasters

He should also be interested in this:

Passing through a village near the Prime Minister's home town of Westerham, a JOHN BULL man saw piles of unopened pea pods lying rotting every few yards over acres of ground.

One man, angry at the waste, was shelling some into a paper bag.

How some growers hate controlled prices!

Food Robbers

Supplies of rationed foods for factory canteens are being diverted to directors' homes.

Manager of one firm has been fined £300. Maybe this will help to scare other offenders.

Landlords' Harvest

Berwickshire farm, let before the war at £200 a year, has just been re-let at £400.

So, says Mr. R. R. Stokes, M.P., the subsidy to encourage food production is being diverted to landowners and speculators.

He suggests that the Excess Profits Duty should be applied to such rents. Sir Kingsley Wood is now frowning over the proposal.

Where the Money Goes

Enough money to buy one hundred *Spitfires* a month—£570,000—is being paid out in unemployment benefit.

Some unemployment may be inevitable, even in war. But why so much of it?

Spur to Zeal!

Registering for military service, a man expressed preference for the R.A.F. Of course, he soon found himself in the Army.

Then his R.A.F. papers came through. He kicked up a fuss and the Army generously allowed him to go.

He passed all tests as a prospective pilot. "Just the type we need," said the R.A.F. "Now go home and wait."

Disillusion

He waited and waited. At last an official letter arrived.

Was it the call to join the Boys in Blue? No; a peremptory summons to join the Pioneer Corps.

So now he's digging holes in the ground and occasionally peeling potatoes.

Answer, Please

After eighteen months on one of the world's loneliest islands, a company of troops were sent back to Britain with a high testimonial from their officers.

But, we understand, they have been in detention cells for weeks on a charge supposed to have originated on the island.

Does the War Office agree that they should be detained until witnesses can be brought across the seas—perhaps for months?

Soldiers on Strike

Oddest case of Army discipline concerns soldiers who have successfully staged a strike.

Incredible? Ah, but the men were helping a farmer with the harvesting. He agreed to pay them 9s. 7d. a day.

Then it was reduced to 1s. a day, the balance going to military funds.

The men downed tools, won full rates for spare-time work or 7s. 6d. a day when working during Army duty hours.

Old, Old Story

By way of contrast, here's an old, old scandal that keeps on like Tennyson's brook: the wicked delay in discharging unfit soldiers.

If the patient is in a military hospital, a medical board is held at or near the hospital.

If he is in the military ward of a civilian hospital, he has to rejoin his unit, which may be hundreds of miles away. To do such a journey with full kit is merely his first ordeal.

Back in camp, he may wait months for a medical board. Meanwhile, he hobbles about with a leg in plaster, maybe, or an arm in a sling.

Simple Remedy

He has nothing to do except sit in the canteen and mope. Even tuberculosis patients are left hanging around for months.

Obvious remedy, suggested by JOHN BULL, is still ignored by Army autocrats: Form a medical board of local doctors if military doctors are not available!

Haggling

British Volunteer Ambulance Corps has a grievance.

It supplies to the Army volunteer ambulance drivers who give their services free, buy their own uniforms, and are willing to serve anywhere.

But the War Office insists that the organisation must pay about £1 a week for food and lodging for each volunteer. This limits the number of volunteers who can be recruited.

Pound-Foolish Policy

Many of the volunteers are poor people, with scarcely any pocket money. Without them, the War Office would have to provide drivers drawing full-time pay.

But wise economy never appeals to Whitehall.

Equal Sacrifice!

"No wage increases," the Government decides. But if this principle is to be applied, it must apply to all.

Devon city has just voted its bachelor Medical Officer an extra £250 a year on his £1,000 salary.

If an extra £8 a week to help a well-paid officer meet war costs, why not an extra 5s. for lowly-paid employees?

Fined for Being Old

That prompts us to ask whether it is true that Hereford County Council deducts 10s. a week from the wages of roadmen who draw the old-age pension?

If so, we'd like to hear the council's excuse for such abominable meanness. But we doubt if any excuse could be found.

Paying for Blindness

Mean, also, is the refusal of income tax rebates to blind people who have to incur heavy transport expenses in order to work, and to deaf people who spend many pounds a year on the upkeep of apparatus to lessen their infirmity.

Yet people with all their faculties are allowed rebates for tools of their trade.

Nazi Army Problem

Will Hitler have to recruit the deaf and blind?

His lines are being thinned. It is significant that he is sending men over forty to fight in Russia.

He would not do so if he had a sufficient supply of young trained soldiers.

Hurried Training

Between 1920 and 1935, Germany had a standing army of only 100,000. When Hitler applied conscription, he tried to compensate for his lack of trained troops by short terms of military service.

But modern training for warfare is a long business, and all his ruses cannot make up for the time he lost.

One of these ruses is to give regiments a fantastically high number that does not correspond to the real strength of the German army.

So don't be deceived when you read of heavy losses to, say, the 537th Reichswehr regiment.

Its Real Strength

Normally, a country at war can put 10 per cent. of its population into battle. That would give Hitler nearly 8,000,000 soldiers — but he never reached this figure.

His best friends credit him only with seven millions.

Of these, at least a million must be kept in Germany. Another two million are needed to police Europe. And the Russian campaign has cost him 1,500,000 dead and wounded.

Coming Shortage!

As the vast Russian reserves come into action, the vaunted Reichswehr should be whittled down to a comparatively small army.

If he risks it in a last desperate attempt against this island, he should find himself with not enough survivors to carry on.

Best way to ensure this desirable end, needless to add, is for Britain to give maximum help for Russia.

Misunderstood

Our apologies to the Ascot fruiterer whose notice we criticised in our issue of August 9. He assures us that he does his best to treat residents and evacuees alike, and admits that the notice might have been more clearly phrased.

Behind the News

- **Now that some of the best Luftwaffe crews have been put out of action, R.A.F. pressure is battering morale of new recruits, who are showing reluctance to fight.**
- That is why ace pilots are being brought back from the Russian front.
- *Luftwaffe engines are proving unreliable owing to factory sabotage. Many have to be scrapped after only twenty hours' flying.*
- On the four largest Nazi aerodromes recently, inspectors refused to pass for service nearly 40 per cent. of new engines.
- **But greatest Luftwaffe headache is shortage of lubricating oil. Effects of raids on Norwegian oil factories and anti-Quisling obstructionism are now being felt.**
- *Nazi leaders are anxious about feeling in coastal areas (where 1918 revolution started), because the population knows that Germany is being steadily pounded and that the future is black.*
- Private observers believe that at least 100 U-boats have been sunk since the Atlantic battle opened.
- **U.S.A. yards are all out to beat last war record of launching new ships within 40 days of laying down keel. Signs are that they will succeed.**
- *S O S-cum-threat from Hitler to Spain: "Lend me everything you can in men and metal—now. If you help, I will give a cast-iron guarantee of a new sovereign Spanish empire with my victory. If you don't, look out for early trouble involving your downfall."*
- Hitler has summarily told Mussolini that henceforth he intends to have first claim on all Italian resources, and that Reich legal and commercial decisions are also to be regarded as final.
- **In practice, however, this is not working out. Italian soldiers and sailors refuse to accept Nazi ruling; mutinies are becoming frequent.**
- *German casualties in the East have so largely exceeded estimates that there is a shortage of medical necessities for civilians. Some of the wounded are now being sent to Italy and France for nursing.*
- **One significant reaction of the real situation in the East is the decision of the Nazi High Command to issue no further casualty lists till after the conclusion of the campaign.**

PLAN FOR THE BRAVE

HUNDREDS of thousands of street collectors have been raising money for war charities, and millions of the public are keeping the flag flying—in their buttonholes—week after week.

They do this with the Government's approval. They collect for and subscribe generously to all manner of funds for air raid victims, comforts for the troops, benevolent grants to flying men and their families, and so on and so forth.

In the midst of these manifold appeals to our compassion, Roosevelt and Churchill have proclaimed the faith for which we are fighting—"that all the men in all the lands shall live their lives in freedom from want and fear."

Are we to wait for victory before we put that faith into practice? And, if not, how is it possible that we should leave brave men and loyal women and helpless children to the mercy of philanthropy and the front line soldiers of the Home Front to the pity of the community?

Let no reader misunderstand JOHN BULL'S attitude in this matter. We admire the grand generosity of the British people. We appreciate the public spirit of the organisers of these various war funds and the devotion of those who have helped to make them a success.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By the Editor

But we detest and despise the poverty of spirit and imagination which makes any such fund necessary.

THERE IS NO PLAN FOR THE BRAVE, AND OUR PRESENT SOCIAL ECONOMY IS NOT FIT FOR HEROES.

Consider this: **The Lord Mayor's National Air Raid Distress Fund has raised more than £3,000,000 for the relief of suffering caused by enemy bombs.**

It is a splendid total, but this country is spending more than **£14,000,000 a day in its war effort, and, if this relief be necessary—as it certainly is—it could have been provided by the nation for a matter of five or six hours' expenditure!**

Another **£3,000,000 is the goal aimed at by the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, destined to help disabled flying men or to relieve the distress of widows and orphans.**

We say that it is a black disgrace to the country that there should be even temporary hardship, let alone want, in the homes of any of these heroes to whom so many owe so much.

In the name of decency, let us have done with all this pitiful business of passing the hat for pennies. Let us pay our debts to our own folk. Let us free *them*, before all others, of fear and want.

WE are well aware that the Government recognises its final responsibility; that it does pension the broken fighting men; provide, after a fashion, for the families of those who die for their country; and compensate, to some extent, the air raid victims for the losses they sustain.

THESE THINGS IT DOES BECAUSE IN VERY TRUTH IT COULD DO NO LESS, BUT THE WHOLE COMPLICATED MACHINERY OF STATE PENSIONS, RELIEFS, COMPENSATIONS AND GRANTS CREAKS AND GROANS FOR LACK OF OIL—THE OIL OF HUMAN SYMPATHY AND GENEROUS IMPULSE.

"Too little and too late!" That is the bitter reproach of thousands of men and women who have a claim upon their country's justice, and are kept waiting while they depend upon their neighbours' charity.

In the so near, and yet so distant, days of peace, JOHN BULL lost no opportunity to denounce the cruel principle and the rottenly bad economy of the House-hold Means Test. Now the unemployment problem has been largely solved by the clamant demands of war.

But the Means Test, under a different name, is still in force. It is robbing thousands of Old Age Pensioners either of their rights or of their pride. It is cheating a multitude of men, women and children of the debts which this community clearly owes to them.

Week after week in this newspaper we have called attention to some of the more notorious scandals of red tape and parsimony which are blackening the record of our national endeavour.

Now we demand once more that Independent Pensions Appeal Tribunals be set up; not at one vaguely future date to which the Minister of Pensions has agreed, but at once.

Committees and tribunals are already sitting to deal with conscientious objectors, aliens, food, supplementary pensions, and so forth, and it is disgraceful that disabled Service men should be kept waiting.

WE RESENT THE *FACT* THAT ANY MAN TOTALLY DISABLED IN THIS WAR SHOULD BE GRANTED, NOT ONLY LESS MONEY THAN HE WOULD HAVE BEEN GRANTED IN THE LAST WAR, BUT DEFINITELY LESS PURCHASING POWER.

We dislike and distrust the Ministry's power to strike widows off the pension list if they should be deemed "unworthy of a grant from public funds."

And we denounce with our utmost vigour the damnable meanness which this country is displaying to the dependent, helpless, old parents of gallant boys killed on active service.

These unfortunate old people can certainly obtain grants under the recent Determination of Needs Act, but only by submitting to a wickedly detailed examination.

There is no need for this shabby cat-and-mouse inquisition. There is no need to pay an army of official snoopers to haggle the nation out of its just debts.

It would be perfectly simple, and simply just, to award fixed pensions to all dependent parents of deceased Service men, provided their incomes were below a certain minimum. This obvious and overdue reform needs to be put through immediately.

THERE are many others no less obvious and no less urgently called for.

Men who ought never to have been passed fit in the first place have broken down in health under Service conditions, and are either denied a pension because of their previous medical history, or bereft of it soon after it has been granted on some mean and niggardly pretext.

APART FROM ALL THESE PETTIFOGGING EVASIONS OF THE COUNTRY'S JUST DEBTS, THERE IS A DREADFUL AND CRUEL LAG BETWEEN THE ADMITTED NEED AND ITS RELIEF. THIS APPLIES TO ALMOST EVERY CLASS OF PENSION, GRANT AND COMPENSATION.

It accounts, in large measure at least, for several of the stop-gap charities which have been organised to supply immediate necessities.

If there were a national plan for the brave, we should not need to stoop to these paltry expedients. We should and could satisfy all urgent claims without a day's delay.

Perhaps some few poor people would ask for more than their just dues. Perhaps, here and there, some trivial rogue would cheat the country of a few shillings or a few pounds.

But, in God's name, would it not be better to suffer these trifling losses than to besmirch our honour by chaffering with our comrades in distress?

Before the last war ended we were boasting that we should never forget the men who won it for us. We forgot them all too soon. We turned a deaf ear to match sellers in the gutter; we gave the "dole" and the Means Test to the tragic new army of the workless men.

WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING FOR NOW? ROOSEVELT AND CHURCHILL HAVE GIVEN US THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION. THEY SAY THAT WE ARE FIGHTING TO FREE THE WORLD FROM WANT AND FEAR.

IF WE MEAN THAT, WE MUST PLAN FOR THE BRAVE *TO-DAY*, AND NOT LEAVE THEM IN THEIR SORROW TO HOPE IN VAIN FOR SOME BRAVE NEW WORLD.

Life was grand when they were able to dash about in splendid cars, but now they have to fight—and die!

Nazi 'Bullies Don't Like Their Pay Packet

TO be a Nazi in Germany, to be a member of Hitler's Party, an official in his Gestapo, or even a soldier in his party army, the S.S., has been plain fun for over eight years.

It is no fun any more!

During the last six months Nazis and Nazi leaders have begun to pay a price for the "glorious" position they stole for themselves, for the cruelties they inflicted on defenceless political opponents, and the tyranny they imposed on conquered people. They are paying—with blood.

What it Means

The report that an S.S. division has been wiped out in Russia may not have conveyed to you much more than that there were now 15,000 fewer Germans fighting for Hitler. But that is not even half the story.

Every soldier, private, N.C.O. or officer in an S.S. division is a Nazi of the first order.

These S.S. Teutons had a glorious life. Their training was hard. But they had all the advantages of privileged citizens whose every word was a command to their fellow-Germans.

Their defeat heralds the rout of Nazism.

But not only the Nazi in the rank-and-file is paying now. From many of the comfortable big offices young Nazi executives have been sent to the front.

The list of minor Nazi Party officials who are now either dead or wounded or prisoners of war goes into thousands. The wave of extinction has not yet reached the higher Nazis. But their own flesh and blood is not immune from the penalty which the civilised world inflicts on Nazism.

Generals as Well

Frick, the intriguing Minister of the Interior, one of Hitler's Old Guard, has lost his son in action. General Keitel, the military accessory to Hitler's crimes, has also lost a son.

Nazi generals are not escaping the hazards of war either. General Miehlmann, commander of a Panzer Division in Russia, is dead. Admiral Lutjens met his death on the *Bismarck*. I could continue this list.

One cannot gather sympathy for the raving, criminal Nazis, for those who profited by the misery of the German people, who hoped to enrich themselves by conquest of the world.

Their life is a small price to pay for their crimes.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

OPEN LETTERS

Dr. GOEBBELS, Frightened Lie-Doctor

SIR,—No, you can't take it. You are getting jittery. You are desperate lest the German people should learn the truth. You are at last admitting the possibility of defeat.

Your own words testify to your nervousness.

"In order to win the war," you say, "Britain endeavours to make the German people distrust their Fuehrer, and were the British to succeed they would certainly win the war.

"Therefore, we introduce the death sentence for listening-in to the B.B.C."

That is logical, if brutal. You might as well kill a German as to allow him to learn the truth.

In either case he'll no longer help you to maintain Nazism.

You do not, of course, admit the truth of the B.B.C. news bulletins. That would be expecting too much.

But you admit that you daren't allow Germans to listen to the B.B.C. You admit that no Germans are strong enough to listen to the B.B.C. "lies" and not be harmed by them.

"Their lies get into the blood, making listeners weak and tired of carrying on, thus showing that the B.B.C. poison is beginning to work."

But the truth will beat you yet. Not even the death penalty will be sufficient for ever to keep the Germans in ignorance.

Already they are wondering about the Russian campaign. More and more, they have cause to doubt the truth of their leaders' boast that no bomb would fall on German soil.

And as the R.A.F.'s offensive rises to a peak, our Bigger and Better Bombs will silence your lying tongue.

I'm not surprised you are jittery.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir A. SINCLAIR, M.P., Secretary for Air

DEAR SIR,—I invite your attention to one of the most abominable scandals of the war.

During an intense air attack an R.A.F. driver switched off his lights because the bomb explosions seemed to be following his line of travel. His vehicle collided with a fire pump and he sustained concussion and a fractured leg.

He has now been ordered by an R.A.F. court to pay £10 toward the cost of damage to his vehicle.

An infamous penalty!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Lord LEATHERS, Minister of War Transport

MY LORD,—The public is warned that passenger train services "may" be cut this winter to cope with coal and other vital traffic.

"May" is a poor word. Make it "will" instead.

At all costs, we *must* make sure that coal and munitions are not delayed.

And it should be decided now, without any delay, that all long-distance rail traffic should be suspended on one day each week—preferably Sunday.—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES, Wigton, Cumberland

GENTLEMEN,—As a result of his service in the present war an ex-soldier is now in Carlisle mental hospital.

I am ashamed that you have granted permission for his goods to be seized.

I am ashamed that the public assistance committee sought that permission.

I am ashamed that pauperdom should be deliberately imposed on a man who has been broken in service to his country.

And I think the vast majority of Britons will feel shamed.—JOHN BULL.

Miss FLORENCE HORSBRUCH, M.P., Ministry of Health

DEAR MADAM,—You'll never make a success of the evacuation scheme until you make all billeting officers responsible to your Department.

Some do their job well. Many are too eager to toady to the local gentry.

Throughout the countryside are large houses occupied only by the owners and their staff of servants. Yet cowsheds are being converted for the use of evacuees; cottages are overcrowded.

You should know that this manifest class distinction is arousing resentment and disgust.

And you should apply the obvious remedy.—JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTORS, Ingersoll, Ltd.

GENTLEMEN,—Far too little attention has been paid to your wise and patriotic innovation.

Because you cannot use all your capital, you are handing back 1s. on every 2s. share with the advice that the holders should invest the money in War Bonds or Defence Loans.

What an immense help would be given to our war finances if every similarly placed firm followed your example!—JOHN BULL.

PRICE REGULATION COMMITTEE, Bristol

GENTLEMEN,—Is your office staffed by somnolent tortoises?

A reader complained to you last Christmas that she had been overcharged by a firm of chemists. You agreed that a case had been made out for prosecution.

But she's still waiting for news that you have taken proceedings. All you can tell her is that there are thousands of cases like hers and that "these matters take time."

Perhaps you'll find time when the war is over?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. D. R. GRENFELL, M.P., Minister for Mines

DEAR SIR,—You may not be aware that miners living in Manchester have to do fire-watching in the city, and consequently are too late for their work shift next morning.

So they lose a day's pay and the country loses the coal that is so urgently needed.

It shouldn't take you long to stop this uneconomic folly.—JOHN BULL.

A.R.P. CONTROLLER, Glasgow

SIR,—It is manifestly unfair to taxpayers that a petrol-eating Rolls-Royce should be used to take the A.R.P. cashier round your city's depots.

After all, the Lord Provost is content nowadays to make most of his rounds in a small Austin!—JOHN BULL.

Air-Marshal BABINGTON, Chief of R.A.F. Personnel

DEAR SIR,—"Browned off" in one camp is an aircraftman who was demoted from flight-sergeant because, during a dogfight in the early days of the war, he "endangered a British aircraft" by flying under the Forth Bridge.

He has been adequately punished for his daring. And now we are supposed to need young men of daring in the R.A.F.

So I see no reason why you shouldn't allow this lad to fly again.—JOHN BULL.

LORD BRIDGEMAN, Director-General, Home Guard

MY LORD,—Laxity is still the watchword of many industrial Home Guard units.

But it isn't the fault of the men.

For instance, Home Guard N.C.O.s at a great ordnance factory are appealing to the management for instruction in firearms, bayonet and bomb technique and for proper drill.

Are such appeals still to be ignored? Are vital targets to be left poorly defended?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. H. MORRISON, M.P., Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—Middlesex County Council alone will have to pay £83,000 for the new serge battledress worn by Civil Defence workers. You flatly refuse to make it a national charge.

Your policy means that bombed areas needing a big staff of A.R.P. workers will have heavy bills to meet, while the safe areas will be let off with negligible costs.

What's happened to your sense of fairness?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—I can't believe that it is with your consent that unfit men are being forced down the mines.

Yet one ex-miner, discharged from the Army as unfit after Dunkirk, and now in a reserved occupation, has been ordered to resume work in the pits.

You'll agree that unfit men won't help coal production very much.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. WRAGG, M.P., Belper

DEAR SIR,—You weren't quite right in saying that every underground worker in the mines of Notts, Derbyshire and Leicestershire gets more than £6 a week.

On my desk is the chit of a Leics miner. For a seven-day week he earns £4 15s., less deductions that bring it down to £4 2s. 6d.

Not too much, is it?—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

The Real Flag Day

I AM not a lover of Flag Days. But lacking the courage to say "No" to a pretty girl, I invariably help to swell whatever benevolent fund is the object of the campaign.

A State which spends £100 million a week on the task of preparing Mr. Hitler for the high jump should be able to divert some money for the care of our fighting men, their dependents, and for bombed-out families.

Apparently the great British public likes its Flag Days, although, as a nation, we are not given over to flag-waving.

I suspect that pretty girls—those charming creatures who wheedle money out of me and who scatter my convictions as the west wind scatters Autumn leaves—instigate Flag Days.

Those are the days when the pretty gals dress up to kill. They also provide occasions when the gals may, without the formality of introduction, approach eligible males and persuade them to part with their money.

* * *

Of course, that's only my fun. The women and girls who give up their leisure to sell flags are deserving of praise. They can't help the fact that the Flag Day system is in itself a bad system and one which should not be tolerated in a well-ordered State.

The Flag Day as we know it is a reproach to that other Flag Day which is observed every day in all parts of the Empire.

Here is the real pageant—a glowing record of sacrifice and all-in aid.

This Flag Day of Empire is one for the real giving. Australian troops make immortal history in the African desert. Divisions of eager Canadians occupy key points in the defensive strategy of Britain.

New Zealand announces her determination to fight to the last man and the last shell. South Africa expands her Air Force at a terrific pace and speeds up production of tanks, planes and guns.

The teeming workshops of our vast Indian Empire turn out incredible quantities of vital goods; and the turbanned warriors of her hills and plains march side by side with British troops in Syria and Iraq.

Those are the impressive features of the Empire Flag Day pageant. There are other features, not so spectacular, which complete the harmonious whole.

* * *

From small communities all over the world come evidence of the manner in which the Empire is pulling together. Barbados, a dot on the map, a mere speck in the wide Atlantic, sends £25,000 to help the war effort.

In remote parts of the globe "Help Britain" committees organise functions for the common fund. Every effort, however small, is part of the vast Empire movement directed to the destruction of Hitler.

This Flag Day has no end. It is as constant as the sun. It knows that its mission will be achieved; and that the pageant it presents to the world is the symbol of victory and liberty.

It is *the* Flag Day we must have ever in mind. Its appeal is the greatest call in history—the liberation of mankind from the most evil threat that ever darkened the face of the world.

It is at once a promise and a hope to all who are enslaved. Keep *the* Flag Day going!

COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS, who knows all the sea tricks of the Germans, takes you on a British merchantman when it encountered a Nazi armed cruiser in the Tropics.

Only two boats could be lowered and some of the crew took to a raft like these Brazilian seamen whose boat was bombed early in the war

Beat Huns—and the Sharks!

SOMEWHERE down south of the "Line" a British merchantman was stumping along, rather rusty, but with her Clyde-built engines knocking out a solid turn of speed.

Her chief engineer had a name from Hull to Nagasaki for making a ship step along.

The sort of man you like to have aboard in war time.

She was just a typical boat of the Red Duster fleet, the kind of stubborn, steady, silent boat about whose exploits no one ever talks, but not the Devil and all his Hitlers can shift their sort off blue water—and never will!

To look at her, steaming along over a tranquil deep-blue sea, beneath a tropical sun, with the flying-fish playing beside her, you might have thought she was on a pleasure trip.

But her men were at "action stations."

Her skipper, who had not slept for two nights, was steadily sweeping the glittering ocean with his glass.

In the stern, two men had taken the covers off a gun, and were fussing around it lovingly.

For the ship had received a radio warning that a German armed cruiser was in the vicinity.

The ship kept sturdily on.

About mid-day the skipper's tireless glass stopped, bearing on a certain point for over a minute. He handed the glass to the third, who was on the bridge with him.

"That's her, I think, Mister?"

After a steady scrutiny, the third nodded.

The skipper gave certain orders. The course was altered. The engines began to beat in faster rhythm.

Faint Blue Blur

The Red Duster flapped idly; it had lived through such troubles before.

The death-hunt went on all that afternoon.

You would not have thought it was a death-hunt. All you could see was a cargo-boat stepping along across the boundless tropical ocean, and, far away, another ship coming up, with a faint blur far behind her.

"That'll be the *Glengarry*, I'm thinking?" the third officer said.

The skipper nodded grimly. The *Glengarry*, a 22-knot British ship captured by the Germans when they attacked Norway, refitted by them in a Danish builder's yard as a fast commerce raider, and sent sneaking out into the Atlantic flying the British flag.

Every war-time seaman knows her well by repute. She carries 6-in. guns hidden under dummy bulwarks, and has a crew of nearly 300 men. She is said to carry a torpedo-tube.

"That'll be her aeroplane, Mister," the skipper remarked.

A humming grew swiftly louder. A small biplane, launched from a sling on the *Glengarry's* deck, came overhead, circled two or three times, and returned.

It contemptuously ignored a shell sent up at it; it did not try to drop bombs.

It was marking down the victim.

The two ships were closing in now, and far away in the distance could be seen a tanker, captured by the *Glengarry* and supplied with a prize-crew, that works as consort and supply-ship to the raider.

Japanese Flags

Both the raider and the tanker were flying Japanese flags—a silly bit of impertinence after sending the aircraft over.

But it is well known that these ships have long used Japanese colours, and, moreover, that they refuel and refit at Japanese ports.

Tinned food and packages aboard are all of Japanese make. This has been testified by British prisoners she has taken and subsequently put ashore in Japanese ports.

The *Glengarry*, with the Rising Sun painted on her sides, drew within the range of her powerful guns, but did not open fire.

The men at the little gun in the British merchantman's stern licked their lips. They might get a chance of a shot or two yet!

The skipper on the bridge shut his glass with a snap. For over the side of the "Japanese" vessel came fluttering a big piece of canvas bearing the Nazi swastika.

At the same moment a puff of smoke appeared, and then came the noise of the gun.

She had fired across the bows of her victim—a warning shot.

The merchantman changed her course a couple of points and tried to maintain the unequal race. At the same time her gun yapped—once, twice, thrice!

The German gave off a couple of grey puffs of smoke, and with a terrific smash the first 6-in. shells landed aboard the British merchantman.

After that, it was just deliberate murder.

If Nazis Had Known

The funnel went down. The bridge blew up in a cascade of shattered planks and splinters. Her side was holed and the water began to pour in.

There was no doubt that the Germans thoroughly enjoyed it.

In fact, they overreached themselves, because in the end the battered hull slipped quietly beneath the smooth tropical sea, carrying down to Davy Jones a cargo the enemy would have given his ears for, had he only known!

Orders had been given, before that, to lower away the boats. But most had been smashed.

Only two remained; the rest were splintered and ruined. And the bombardment was still going on. Cruelly going on.

The two boats were swung out as steadily as if they were to fetch the captain from a tea-party.

The Hun gets little change out of the seamen of the Red Duster.

There were still a lot of men aboard when the boats had gone. So the crew turned to and launched two rafts; and, just before the ship turned over, they jumped into the sea and swam for them.

Recall, this was tropic sea. Full to the lid with sharks!

That was all right. Sharks, as often as not, will not attack a strong swimmer who makes a hell of a splashing as he goes along to frighten them off. They will if they are hungry, of course.

Cadet David Hay was a youngster of nineteen. He was down in the water with the rest.

He had stuck his baptism of fire splendidly well. He showed no fear.

Now in the water, he was milling along, yelling encouragement to other swimmers, splashing like mad . . . but very definitely aware of a particularly large shark that was keeping just out of reach, gliding along, keeping him company.

Forty Feet Long

The rafts were several hundred yards away.

David felt his sogged clothes weighing him down. He tried to get at a jack-knife in his pocket, just in case the shark came too close.

The moment he stopped splashing the shark came in at him.

There was a clash from its terrific jaws, which just missed him, and then he saw the creature's white belly glide away, and it turned right-side-up again and stared malevolently at him, still swimming by his side.

This shark was nearly forty feet long. Its jaws could open two feet wide. It could snap off half a man as easily as you or I could bite into an apple.

Young David splashed for all he was worth. Suddenly the shark feinted a second attack.

But it lost its nerve as the swimming boy yelled and splashed.

He reached the raft and dragged himself on to it, panting, exhausted and with a prickly feeling in his feet as he hauled them up out of the shark's reach.

Then he saw the ship's radio officer, perhaps two hundred yards away, floundering heavily. He had no chance to make the raft—he was almost done for. And—*the big shark was darting towards him.*

Then it was that young David Hay did one of the bravest deeds I have ever heard of.

Tearing off some of his clothes, he plunged back into the sea and pursued the forty-foot shark!

The row and splashing he made caused the creature to turn viciously towards him, and so, without a shadow of doubt, saved the radio officer's life.

The shark circled fiercely—and David, striking out, despite his leaden arms and legs, reached the radio officer's side just as he went under.

Diving into the green depths, David got a grip on him and fetched him up, spluttering, sogged, helpless, nine-tenths unconscious.

And then, with his load, the boy turned again towards the raft.

The men aboard it were shouting and splashing for all they were worth. But the monster of the seas was not going to be twice robbed of its meal.

Tore His Clothes

It came sailing in at them, turned over swiftly, and there was a tremendous clack of those huge white teeth. By a frantic motion, David managed to propel his helpless burden to one side and draw up his own feet.

But the shark's scaly jaws rubbed the skin from the boy's side and tore his remaining clothing to shreds.

Backing furiously, the shark swam away with a mouthful of cloth, and David heard his garments rend and tear away from him, and only just escaped the powerful pull they caused on his body to follow them.

Half-way back to the raft. Nearly there. And once more the forty-foot shark came sliding in.

Survivors said that David momentarily released his grip and brought down both fists on the side of the shark's open jaw. It tried to turn and snap off his hands, but was caught at that instant by a thundering blow from an oar by one of the men on the raft.

Still turning, it snapped the oar in two like a match.

And then they were hauling David and the radio officer on to the raft. . . .

They gave young Hay the Albert Medal. An unarmed boy, he had fought Hitler's raiders and the sharks all in the same spirit. For he is the kind of young sailor that just won't be beat!

NEXT WEEK.—A Welsh Girl Sees It Through.

HUMAN MACHINE

Through a Child's Eyes

● An American writer said something the other day that goes deeper, maybe, than he thought.

"To a child," he wrote, "even the meanest of us may seem glamorous with magic and wisdom. It seems a pity not to take advantage of this chance before the opportunity is lost. For there must come a day when the most nimble-witted father has to reply 'I don't know.' On that day the child comes out of Eden, and you are only a man again."

The point is this—that a really nimble-witted father doesn't just say "I don't know." He says "I don't know—but we'll find out."

And, as the American writer would say, the child remains in Eden!

There are two sorts of knowledge. There is the sort that is represented by a mass of facts; all right so long as you know what the facts mean *and can dig out from your memory just the fact you want when you want it.*

But there is another, and maybe a more valuable sort of knowledge, and that is to know where facts come from, to know the sources of knowledge, to have acquaintance with dictionaries and encyclopædias and books of reference of all kinds.

The world is full of things to help you—if you'll only take the trouble to use them.

TWO YEARS—NOW THE AC

On Wednesday everyone will glance back instinctively through twenty-four momentous months. The milestone comes at a sharp bend in the hard road on which we have set out to battle for our existence and the freedom of the world. What can we see ahead? Take a good clear look with

A. G. GARDINER

IN a few days two years will have passed since that sombre Sunday morning when, as the church bells ceased to toll, the nation listened to Mr. Chamberlain's announcement that we were at war. It is a suitable moment to look back and look forward.

In doing so the first fact that stands out starkly from the past two years is that events have taken a widely different course from anything that was anticipated that Sunday morning.

Who on this side of the Channel could, for example, have conceived then that to-day the Government of France would be the obedient jackal of the enemy?

Who could have foreseen that Russia, who had just signed a pact with Germany, would be fighting on our side.

Who would have guessed that at so late an hour as this the United States would still have been hovering on the brink—a most helpful non-belligerent, but still a non-belligerent?

And who could have foreshadowed the vicissitudes of this mighty conflict?

BOTH SIDES HAVE HAD SPECTACULAR TRIUMPHS, BOTH HAVE HAD GRIM DISAPPOINTMENTS, AND THE RECKONING IS STILL IN THE BALANCE. ON THE SURFACE FACTS HITLER MAKES THE MORE DRAMATIC SHOWING.

He is master of the Continent as no other man in history has ever been. Apart from Gibraltar there is hardly a foot of soil in Europe that is held in opposition to him.

From the North Cape in Norway to the Ægean Sea there is, again with the exception of Gibraltar, no port that is not in his possession.

Every country he has conquered and terrorised is plundered, starved, and hitched to the needs of his war machine.

All the organised industry and all the accumulated wealth of Europe is at his command, and every arsenal from the Channel to the Vistula is working night and day in his service.

The collapse of his jackal Mussolini only emphasises his conquest of Latin Europe and his unchallenged dominion over the Northern shores of the Mediterranean.

The traitors of Vichy dance to his bidding, and Spain only sits on the fence so long as it suits his purpose that she should do so.

And in the Far East Japan follows every beat of Hitler's bâton.

It is an astonishing achievement of military power and diplomatic cunning, and on the face of it Hitler has good reason to be content with the results of the first two years of the war.

But, in fact, he is far from being content. All his major calculations have been upset.

THE BLITZKRIEG WITH WHICH HE COUNTED ON BRINGING THE WAR TO AN END LAST SUMMER BLEW ITSELF OUT IN THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN.

Mr. Churchill, confident, gives the Victory sign; but he never disguises the hard fact that we will have to ***FIGHT*** *for victory*

His confident belief that Russia would collapse like a house of cards before his onset this summer has proved equally unsound.

His idea that he could dominate the British sea-power from the air has turned out to be an illusion.

He has not won the Battle of the Atlantic. The destruction of our cities, so far from breaking the spirit of our people, has only intensified the will to victory.

Our command of the sea is more decisive than at any time since France fell, and the chief gap in the blockade of Hitler's Europe has been closed by Hitler's own action in invading Russia.

And to our supremacy at sea we are well on the way to add an equal supremacy in the air.

Although the United States is still non-belligerent, every day brings her into closer co-operation with us morally, and swells the volume of material aid that she sends us.

Nor on this side of the ledger must we forget Europe. It is true that Hitler grinds it under his jackboot and exploits it for his military machine.

But he has not conquered its soul. Every day brings new evidence of the volcano of wrath and revenge that is gathering underneath his despotic empire from Norway to Greece.

WHEN the hour strikes that volcano will explode.

IF THIS BROAD SURVEY OF THE RESULTS OF THE FIRST TWO YEARS OF THE WAR IS SOUND, I THINK WE HAVE SOLID REASON FOR CONFIDENCE IN LOOKING AHEAD.

Hitler got away with a flying start. He aimed at delivering a knock-out blow which would give him universal victory before his victims could collect their forces. He came within an ace of succeeding.

If, after Dunkirk, he had launched his bolt against us instead of against France, history might have had another tale to tell.

But when the bolt fell on us we stood the shock. The rot was stopped. The panic was allayed. The whole character of the war was changed.

Hitler had lost his whirlwind gamble against time, and we had won our desperate battle for time.

Nothing that has happened since has changed the conviction I then expressed in these columns that the Battle of Britain would live as one of the most decisive victories in history.

We have had bad moments since. Greece, Crete, the treacheries of Vichy, and so on. But we have had our brilliant successes on sea, on land, and in the air—the *Bismarck*, the immobilising of the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, the brilliant recovery in the Eastern Mediterranean, Abyssinia, Syria, Irak, Matapan and Taranto.

Taking the good with the bad, we have certainly not lost on balance, and with the increasing collaboration of America we should never experience again the agonies of the summer of 1940.

BUT LET THERE BE NO MISAPPREHENSION. THE PERIL IS NOT OVER. WE ARE GETTING ON EVEN TERMS WITH THE ENEMY, BUT THAT IS ALL WE DARE SAY YET.

His power is still at the maximum, and whatever happens to him in Russia, we must not forget that the full venom of that power is reserved for us.

He may have made the same blunder in turning east to crush Russia now as he made last year in turning south to crush France.

But nothing will deflect him from his final purpose. We are the foe he most fears and most hates. We are the country that bars his path to world dominion.

The conquest of this country has become an insane obsession, not merely of Hitler, but of the German people. To the satisfaction of that frenzy all the might of the German war

HOW WE TRE

DETAINED in an internment camp at Peel, Isle of Man, are 500 British-born subjects.

They are detained on the order of the Home Secretary under Section 18b of the Defence Regulations.

By their proclaimed or suspected sympathies they are deemed to be a danger to the country.

How do they live? How are they treated?

Well, if I wanted to make sure that I was alive at the end of this war and to live well and feed well without doing a stroke of work for the duration of hostilities; if I wished to play tennis, to sun-bathe and to go swimming; to walk in delightful country, then I should get myself detained under Section 18b and respectfully request to be placed in the detention camp for British subjects at Peel, Isle of Man.

* * *

They occupy a group of the best boarding-houses in Peel and live about twenty men to a house. These houses are right on the sea front, and within their compound are two hard tennis courts (the only ones in Peel) and two grass courts. They bathe from the foreshore and at one time ousted the local people from their own bathing beach, but the local town commissioners informed the commandant that his charges must keep to a certain area.

It was also discovered that they had in their camp seats provided by the local council from the ratepayers' money for the use of the ratepayers. These seats were eventually removed by demand of the commissioners.

D TEST!

machine and all the vulpine cunning of Hitler's diplomacy will be directed.

DO NOT LET US BE MISLED BY THE QUIET NIGHTS WE HAVE ENJOYED AND THE CALM THAT HAS FALLEN OVER THIS THEATRE OF THE WAR. THAT IS ALL DESIGNED TO PUT US TO SLEEP. THAT IS A PART OF THE HITLER TECHNIQUE.

He is always most dangerous when he seems to have forgotten you. "I shall strike like lightning—in the night," is his maxim.

And the fact that he is deep in Russia now does not mean that he is not preparing a bolt from the blue for us to-morrow.

And the bolt will be winged with all the horror that a criminal lunatic, prepared to gamble everything for "World Empire or Downfall," can barb his weapon.

The lesson of this pause for us is not to sit back and "take things easy," not to suppose that Russia or anybody else will do our job for us.

THE lesson is to use this priceless moment in arming ourselves to meet the shock whenever it comes and whatever form it takes.

Whatever the task allotted to us, whether in the fighting line or on the home front, whether in the munitions factory or the shipyard, fighting the fires or gathering the harvest in the fields, tending the wounded in the cities, or defending the countryside against the invader, let us all remember that this is our battle and that, as in another crisis of our fate, "England expects each man to do his duty."

THE FIRST BATTLE OF BRITAIN WAS MIRACULOUSLY WON BY A GLORIOUS FEW. THE FINAL BATTLE OF BRITAIN MUST BE WON BY AN EMBATTLED NATION.

And winning it we shall win the war. For the conquest of this country is the acid test of victory or defeat.

"Mad Farmer" Leads Poland's Revolt

ROBERT WESTON

Begins a thrilling new series of the exploits of Europe's Ghost Armies—the fearless guerilla fighters who are waging relentless war on the Nazis in territory they think they have conquered.

Until the Nazi jackboot trampled on his country, Arno Ranowicz was a quiet farmer.

EUROPE'S Ghost Army, rarely seen, but always surrounding the Nazis, is an international movement joining the subjected peoples of the Occupied Countries together because of their common cause.

In the fields, factories and big cities this army is continually striking blows at the invader, worrying, annoying—and killing!

In Poland, where revolt is continually raising its head, gallant men are forming guerilla bands.

A Roaring Lion

Farmer Arno Ranowicz, known to the Germans as the "Mad Farmer," is the genius behind the big-scale raids made by the guerilla bands since Hitler attacked Russia.

Arno, until the Nazi jackboot trampled on his country, was a quiet farmer. When his farm was destroyed, his wife taken away to a "concentration camp," and his father murdered, Ranowicz completely changed.

The quiet farmer became a roaring lion. Hate of the Hun, mingled with an ambition to free Poland from the Nazi yoke, proved him a born leader.

As Arno's deeds swept the countryside, more and more men rallied to his cause.

And so the guerilla army grew. Every man received his orders by mouth. Nothing was ever written.

Had they but known it, the German Army of Occupation was, and still is, surrounded by an ever-growing Polish Army.

An army that acts swiftly.

For instance, two weeks ago the German Commandant in the Town Hall at Rudno had the shock of his life.

A burly Prussian, noted for his brutality and hate for the Poles, he taxed the people of Rudno on every possible occasion.

If they could not—or would not—pay the increased taxes he spent a pleasant afternoon watching his bodyguard mow down the citizens with their tommy-guns.

It was dusk when the "Free Poles" arrived outside the Town Hall. A solitary guard standing outside the main entrance was "disposed of," and inside the Town Hall Arno quickly located the Commandant's room. Without hesitation he flung open the door and stalked in, revolver in hand.

"Rebate" on Taxes

"Himmel!" exclaimed the German, his hand flying towards a drawer where he kept a revolver. A well-aimed shot from the "Mad Farmer" which went too close to the Commandant's head to be pleasant made him pause a while.

"Herr Commandant," smiled Arno, "we have come for the taxes."

With seven revolvers pointed at him, and the men behind them feeling anything but pro-German, the Commandant had no option but to obey, and from a safe in the corner took out a large sum of money which he handed over to the guerilla leader.

Carefully Arno placed this in a big leathern case, then his men cut all the telephone wires in the building, strapped the white and shaking Commandant to a chair, and made good their escape.

Two days later the citizens of Rudno each received a "present" from Ranowicz.

Column Routed

Arno and his band are masters of the art of disorganising German supply columns.

On a dark night recently one of these was making its way through a wood.

Ahead of the leading lorry rode a motor-cyclist—and the first sign the Nazis had that things were not going to plan was when the cyclist let out a cry of agony as a wire stretched across the road caught his throat and ended his days as a German soldier!

Before they could apply the brakes the men in the lorry close behind had piled up on a barricade of logs, and their vehicle pitched over on its side.

In the darkness those immediately following had little idea what was wrong until they, too, had joined the mass of men and steel that was mangled together in the centre of that lonesome and primitive road through the forest.

Then the guerillas went into action.

From tree-tops, hedges and either end of the road leaden death spattered on and around the supply column. Nazis fell dead and groaning in agony as bullets ripped into them.

The "mystery army" has developed, too, one of the finest of all secret services.

Two weeks ago the Gestapo received news that a wireless transmitter was operating in Zoliborz, a suburb of Warsaw. For several days agents searched in vain.

Wasted Dynamite

At last, in desperation, they put high-explosive charges beneath six of the suspected houses and blew them up.

Two days later, in one of the underground newspapers, there appeared an eye-witness's account of the incident—sent to the printing press over the wireless transmitter the Gestapo had been hunting for!

From all walks of life the Poles are coming forward to join the Ghost Army.

Among the first recruits was Sigman.

For obvious reasons his full name cannot be told, but he is an actor of great ability.

One day he got his orders.

Work for Firing Squads

One night he climbed into the famous Warsaw hotel—or what was left of it—where the Commandant had a suite.

As the Commandant lay in his bed, Sigman put him to sleep for good! Then, going to the German's wardrobe, proceeded to slip on one of his many impressive uniforms.

With the aid of a small make-up set he quickly turned himself into the living image of the Commandant.

He gave orders for the arrest of ruthless Jew-baiters and Fifth Columnists.

He made the firing squads work overtime on their own colleagues, and within the space of twelve hours wiped out or caused many unpleasant moments to the men who, for over a year, have caused bloodshed, misery, and untold agony to the citizens of the Polish capital.

Then, knowing that capture was probable if he stayed too long in Warsaw, Sigman, using his uniform to travel in the very best style, left behind him a worried, puzzled and annoyed Gestapo force in the capital, and crossed the border into Russia.

Now he is fighting side by side with the Red Army against the Nazis—while his friends and brothers of Poland's Ghost Army are attacking the Germans from the rear.

NEXT WEEK: Stalin's Shock Troops.

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AT OUR INTERNED BRITONS

nger is growing over the latitude iven to British men and women nterned in the Isle of Man. Here re some astonishing disclosures by a JOHN BULL reader

Retaining, to all intents and purposes, their civilian rights, they receive normal rations, and their relations and womenfolk descend on the island, buying up all available tinned foodstuffs and causing a shortage among the civilian population.

They even hire cars to tour the island and buy their provisions in the different towns. Meat, bacon and eggs are unrationed on the Isle of Man, hence the large quantities of these vital foods which find their way into the camp.

Newspapers have reported many cases of luxury feeding. One woman recently arrived with six chickens, 3 lb. tomatoes, 5 lb. bacon, a dozen eggs and a roast of beef. Another internee received fifteen dozen eggs.

★ ★ ★

Week after week dozens of eggs and even whole sides of bacon are brought to the camp office and passed on to the internees, or detainees, as they prefer to be called! It is stated that neither the military authorities nor the Manx Government have the power to prevent the entry of foodstuffs.

These detainees don't work. No doubt the civil and military authorities will plead, as they do when the question of food supplies is raised, that they are powerless to take action.

In other camps, where ground is available, the internees have cultivated gardens and are growing vegetables and fruit, even trying to market their produce. They are, for the most part, enemy aliens, but they are at least prepared to make some effort towards feeding themselves.

★ ★ ★

Not only are the British subjects idle, but some are insolent to their guards.

One man complained to a guard that the noise of his footfalls was keeping him awake and told him to stop!

Officers and senior N.C.O.s entering the compound for occasional searches have been met with boos and insulting remarks. It was formerly the practice of some of these people to watch the changing of the camp guard and to hurl insults at the soldiers, but apparently they grew tired of this.

Some of them greeted the new arrivals with loud outbursts of cheering, and were disappointed at the lack of response from the newcomers.

Who is responsible for allowing this pampering?

The public should ask for the truth and demand a more virile policy towards people who are detained because their continued liberty is considered a danger to the safety of the State.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

BLACK MARKET SECRETS

POLICE chiefs and Government officials are worried by the growth of Black Markets. They have reason to be!

A few pawns in the game have been captured. But the "Big Men" are still at large—and waging large-scale operations.

C.I.D. officers, working with Whitehall officials, are now on the track of several groups of racketeers.

Illicitly-obtained goods worth tens of thousands of pounds are being regularly sent to Black Markets; huge profits are made.

A Vast Trade

The roguery has grown by leaps and bounds since I first drew attention to it. Black Markets are no longer concerned only with the illegal acquisition of foodstuffs and fruit.

A vast trade is to-day being done in tobacco, cigarettes, razor blades, whisky, wines, chocolates, sweets, watches, lighters, electric torches and batteries, and (what is likely to become the most profitable of all) rationed cloth and clothing materials.

Large quantities of meat, for example, are being illegally sold to hotels and restaurants and unscrupulous retailers.

At Leicester a few days ago, when a local butcher was heavily fined for having meat for sale that was not obtained through the Ministry of Food, the prosecuting solicitor said:

"The Black Market appears to be getting control of the meat supply in Leicester, and it is extremely difficult to trace the men at the top, for the small fry will not say where they get the meat from."

JOHN BULL knows where a good deal of it comes from.

In different parts of the country there are farmers and cattle dealers willing to sell cattle direct to Black Market agents by secret arrangement.

No invoices are made out for the transactions, and hard cash only is accepted in payment.

There are gluttons in the towns ready to pay up to three times the controlled price for such illicit supplies.

The Ministry of Food is taking proceedings against cheating traders.

It is about time they summoned the gluttons, too. Just as there would be no thefts without receivers, so there would be no Black Market operations without people ready to pay any price to get more than their fair share of rationed goods.

There are other farmers and farm agents, too, who participate in cattle "thefts" on their own land which, supposedly carried out without their knowledge, are actually pre-arranged!

Big thefts are taking place at tobacco warehouses, too.

Where Loot Goes

In the last two months millions of cigarettes have been stolen. Within a day or so of each other, two single consignments worth approximately £5,000 each were whisked away from London establishments.

Huge quantities of stolen Black Market cigarettes go to night clubs and drinking haunts, where people are fleeced into paying ridiculous sums for them.

Take razor blades, which are also in great demand. Still wholesaled at 6s. 6d. a gross, these are fetching 24s. to 26s. a gross!

In fact, in one case among those in my records, blades worth £200 have made £800, and stolen ones at that!

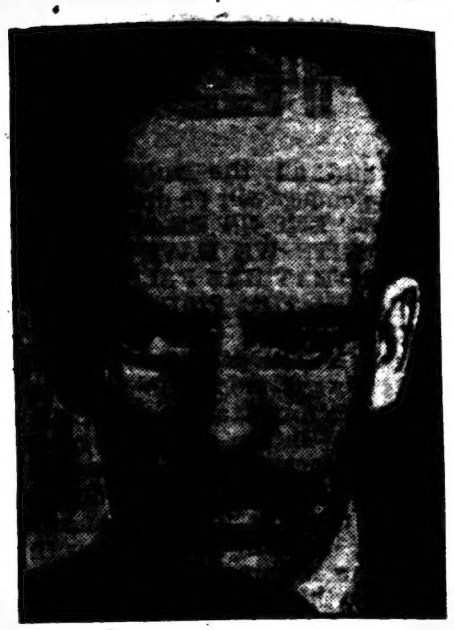
Illicit transactions in whisky and wines are now being made.

In one night two robberies accounted for over 100 cases, worth nearly £1,300. The thieves have not been caught, but there is little doubt that they were hirelings of Black Market rogues who know that certain publicans will buy at good prices, hotels at still higher ones, and night clubs at almost any figure!

The railway police are concerned about the increasing number of railway van and station robberies.

One Black Market gang is working along main railway lines and snatches consignments of goods from fully laden railway wagons.

Valuable consignments of cloth, silks, shirts, socks, tunics, raincoats, overcoats, cardigans, pants and trousers have also been stolen in great numbers in recent weeks from docks, stores, warehouses, factories and shops.



Sir Wyndham says Government Departments must hustle

The Board of Trade is naturally anxious to know how they are being disposed of.

Here is one method. One Black Market racketeer knows others who with tailoring establishments or gown shops have regular clients who will go to any extent to get new clothes.

He sells them stolen stuff through what are now known as "Cash and Carry" sales, and they make no book entry of the transactions and pay for the property with money which cannot be easily traced.

Even watches and lighters are being trafficked in by Black Markets.

Fixed Prices—How Soon?

Supplies of chocolates and sweets are now being passed from one intermediary to another and sold to the public at inflated prices.

In scores of market places you will find men selling sweets at ridiculously high prices.

They are newcomers to the confectionery trade. As retailers are only permitted a percentage of their pre-war sales, one wonders how these people who had no pre-war sales at all can manage to get such huge supplies.

"The Ministry proposes to meet this situation by prescribing maximum retail prices soon," says a high Food Ministry official. Yes, but just how soon?

If the Government Departments concerned do not set to work to tackle this great Black Market problem in a firm and relentless manner it will become too great to remedy!

Pay the Blitz Bills!

WAR damage claims by small men who have lost their businesses through enemy action are steadily creeping up in numbers at Inland Revenue offices throughout the land.

Relief is now being given much more quickly in urgent cases.

But hundreds of master builders in London and provincial towns are complaining about the embarrassing Government delay in settling their bills for repairs which they had to carry out after air raids *last winter*.

One small builder says he would welcome anything that can be done to impress upon Treasury officials the "great inconvenience and in many cases real hardship" that is resulting. Builders are still unable to obtain payments of accounts which include wages paid out long ago, and for materials and overhead expenses, relating to war damage repairs carried out for local councils.

The Federation of London Master Builders have received many complaints

A North London man undertook work worth £2,500 and, although it was completed nearly ten months ago, he has so far received about a third of his claim.

Another building firm which was called in by an adjoining council last September, similarly did work costing £1,400. So far only £580 has been paid.

Five months after completion of its work another firm with a bill of £2,800 received only £500.

What is the explanation?

Apparently the trouble is due to two things:

First local treasurers' departments, which have to make the payments, are understaffed and this work is additional to their normal routine.

Secondly, payment cannot be made until they receive what is known as "The Ministry of Health's Grant."

I appreciate all the many difficulties; but surely it is possible to expedite the settlement of claims, particularly from men in a small way of business.

An added burden is that, while waiting, they have to maintain their staffs. They face the fact that if they let any of their skilled men go they may not be able to replace them until after the war!

Shady Clubs in New Places

BECAUSE the police have swooped on gold-digging "clubs" that were springing up in London's West End as a lure for Servicemen on leave, mercenary proprietors have made new plans to outwit the authorities.

Drinking dens have been opened further afield—in Victoria, Earl's Court, Paddington, Waterloo and in different parts of South London.

Touts are being employed, including women, to look for clients near soldiers' hostels and canteens.

One soldier was fleeced the other evening at Victoria of £11; two others, Canadians, with a month's pay and allowances from Canada, had just over a shilling between them when they sobered up in the early hours.

In a half-drunken condition, a Guardsman who had been robbed, assaulted several men at another "club" and later found himself in custody for the first time in his life.

★ ★ ★

And still further afield promoters are starting up similar haunts outside London, especially in seaside towns and in districts where troops are stationed.

Two have been opened recently in a South Coast town.

Others are now in existence in Liverpool, Brighton, Paignton, Bournemouth, Southend-on-Sea, Eastbourne and Maidenhead.

And 5s. a year is all these clubs have to pay under our antiquated licensing laws.

So disturbed is the Chief Constable of Southend that he has just warned all clubs in his area not to admit sailors, soldiers or airmen in uniform at any time, whether they are members or not.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. J. WILLIAMS, Deacon Street, Walworth, London, S.E., receives this week's £1 1s. Facts he forwarded to me have helped considerably in one of my investigations.

Send any information of interest to me, and mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Keep Clear of These

IGNORE small advertisements of the "English Association of Accountants, Auditors, Secretaries," Christchurch Road, Newport, Mon.

Applicants are invited for posts of "Area Honorary Secretary," but first have to become a member and pay a fee.

Entrance fee for an associate is half a guinea; fellow, one guinea. Yearly subscription is at similar rates.

This richly named organisation is quite unknown in the profession it describes, and its degrees carry no weight anywhere.

★ ★ ★

Sydney T. H. Palmer, "London's Consulting Ophthalmic Optician," is issuing a leaflet headed "Black Out Eye Strain."

He possesses no recognised qualifications, and, calling upon sufferers in a car, willingly takes the lowest instalments on the spot towards the cost of glasses he supplies later.

From one man who was asked 15s. down he accepted 5s.!

Have nothing to do with him.

★ ★ ★

If you're asked for a subscription towards "Air Raid Distress," ask to see the collectors' credentials.

If they have no official certificate authorising them to collect, they may be just impostors who find it easy to obtain money under the guise of worthy charities.

★ ★ ★

Many shopkeepers are still being tricked by bogus advertisement canvassers.

They book space for advertisements for a local theatre programme or curtain, and money is demanded in advance for a trial three months.

The advertisements do not appear; the theatre management know nothing about the transaction.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

★ *This is your featur — a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

PLEASE *do* publish this letter for me. I *must* get work.

I am twenty-six, unfit for military service, having lost the use of my right arm. But I have the determination to make up for a handicap, which must be as good as an arm.

I will do anything, wherever it takes me, whatever it entails. I listen to Mr. Bevin's appeals and then tramp round the workshops every day and all day. But no luck.

Do these people who turn me away know what it is to be without a penny, or with the sinking feeling of hunger?

After all, I am a true Briton, have done nothing to be ashamed of, and feel so terribly out of it all surrounded by men of my own age in the Service uniforms or dungarees, which show they have the proud privilege of doing something to beat Hitler. Won't somebody give me a chance?—A. Vater, 32, Hawkswood Crescent, Hawksworth Estate, Leeds 5.

The Ministry of Labour talks of "unemployables." If those "unemployables" are like Mr. Vater, the sooner they get their chance the better.

Costly Cargoes

Men unloading a ship recently were paid £1 an hour. Some men picked up a wage-packet of £80.

It would take more than a Ministerial utterance to convince me that that is just.

What did they handle that soldiers, sailors and airmen don't have to handle? And the latter get round about half-a-crown a day.—R. L., Exmouth, Devon.

A note of caution: Don't get the idea that our dockers (and engineers) generally get millionaire rates. Thousands still take hunks of bread to work because they can't afford shilling canteen meals.

Congratulations

The story grows and grows that a man in the Home Guard who joins the Army should keep quiet about his Home Guard experience—or put up with insults from the N.C.O.s.

I am sure it is one of those stupid generalities that are true in a few cases, untrue in most.

My husband, a member of the Home Guard since its formation, went into the Army prepared to be quiet about his work in the civilian army.

Instead, they congratulated him warmly on his soldierliness, told him warmly: "It is easy to see you have been in the Home Guard."—Margaret Morgan, 31, Stamford Road, Hey, Lees, Oldham.

R.A.F. Snobbery

I was surprised to read your criticism of the R.A.F. selection board for asking candidates for commissions whether they had been prefects while at school.

I consider such criticism as showing narrow-mindedness and lack of thought.

Obviously the authorities are looking for powers of leadership.—A Prefect, Blackburn Road, Padiham, Lancs.

We once asked Amy Johnson whom she thought was Britain's best pilot. She answered: "Tough little, rough little Bert Hinkler. Give him a milk-churn and a length of wire and he'll turn a 5s.-flip machine into a London-New Zealand world-beater, and get it there himself." The R.A.F. tends to reject Bert Hinklers to-day. It would refuse to allow the designer of the Spitfire (council schoolboy), or the man who planned the mass-production of it (council schoolboy) to train as pilots. Council schoolboys design our machines, but presumably lack the intelligence necessary to understand them!

Save Our Straw!

Why isn't some national effort started to save straw—agriculture's biggest waste?

It contains valuable cellulose fibre. Also furfal and xylose, which is a rare sugar called wood sugar.

This contains chemical properties useful for making foods, leather and a variety of textiles.

Acetic acid, wood alcohol, oxalic acid, illuminating gas, paper, and, of course, valuable strawboard, can be made from straw. Therefore it should be salved in the national interest.—W. C. Wright, M.E., "Torestin," Shaws Lane, Cheslyn Hay, Staffs.

Back to Danger

What is the precise position of the child evacuee who reaches school-leaving age while away from home?

Is she at once recalled into the danger areas? Is there an automatic cessation in her safety and welfare on the part of the State?

It seems to be the custom for these children to be recalled to their danger-homes immediately, as it is nobody's concern to provide them with jobs or instigate any consultation with the parents.—William Corah, Drybrook, Coalville, Leicester.

Local exchanges are expected to do their best to get them jobs locally, preferably in work that helps the national war effort. But they don't always do it. We hear of many failures.

Compulsory Gambling

Soldiers get up to four leave warrants a year.

For two of them free railway warrants are granted.

Units are continually being moved. Therefore they must gamble on these warrants.

Take my own unit. We were within a 10s. fare of London. Men used their two free warrants, which meant they had to pay full fare for the next two.

But, instead of being moved nearer, they were sent further away. Their next two leaves will cost them £6 odd, or from eight to seventeen weeks' pay.

There should obviously be a limit to the amount a soldier has to pay for fares in any one year.—Lieutenant A. K., Somewhere in Britain.

Armed With Fists!

What a pity the higher authorities of the Home Guard don't read Mr. Churchill's warnings about the possibilities of invasion in September.

I serve as a Home Guard in a very vulnerable part of the Home Counties (address withheld.—Editor).

Some weeks ago our rifles were taken away from us—presumably to give us something better. Ever since, we have done our guards equipped only with bare fists.

We understand that we shall not be rearmed for some time yet.

So let us hope that, if invasion comes, Hitler won't seek to gain his first footing in our very important part of Britain.—G. M. A., Somewhere in Britain.

We are prepared to tell the War Office (but not Hitler) the district.

Banks' Bias

Fifteen shillings' worth of threepenny bits saved in this house for the purchase of a National Savings Certificate were refused by the local post-office.

Excuse offered: "The banks will not take them from the post-office."

The post-office is a Government concern. The Government is trying to win this war. It wants money. Why should the banks stand in the way of getting it?—E. W. Latham, 10, West Heath Road, Birmingham 18.

Sensible Memorials

Quite rightly, Mr. Frank Gerrard pleads in JOHN BULL's readers' page for more common-sensed war memorials. His district, Sutton Coldfield, has a beautiful rock garden.

Ours takes the form of an additional ward to the local (Ashington, Northumberland) hospital.

Our boys suffered. How better to perpetuate the memory than by the relief of suffering humanity? — Councillor Joseph Maughan, Bothal Cottages, Ashington Colliery, Northumberland.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

CAN TRUTH WIN THROUGH?

Suddenly, after nearly two years of war, we heard from Germany the admission that the death penalty would be rigidly imposed on listeners to the B.B.C. because of the serious effect it was having on German morale.

"People argue that they can safely listen-in." The sheep-like Germans have been told "This is not so. It undermines them."

This came suddenly, after many months of boasting. It proves that, at long last, Truth is the best propagandist.

Mind you, this in no way justifies the dilatory methods by which we have broadcast our case and spread the news. They have been clumsy and amateurish.

Were they possessed of a quarter of the skill of the Russian broadcasts, the Nazis might have had to squeal a year ago.

There are, indeed, only two effective propagandists—Truth and news of victory. The rest is just bunk.

This time the British case is unanswerable. Why be ashamed of it?

DO WE WANT GINGERING-UP?

The long lull of freedom from heavy bombing enjoyed by most parts of the country has caused complacency and unwarranted optimism in many quarters.

Children are streaming back from evacuation areas. There is a slackening in output in some districts. Over vast areas of the country, immune from attack, you would not think there was a war.

The chief fault is the Government's attitude. It still speaks of Invasion, which few believe, instead of Attack.

Roosevelt's recent statements, however justified, may make things worse. His insistence that the Russians will hold out will, unless the British people realise that we must assist our Allies in every way and not wait for them, creates still more optimism.

Then his other statements, "No invasion from the West this year" and the talk of supplies in 1943 will still further induce the feeling: "Oh, we have got plenty of time yet."

Meanwhile, it is costing us £100,000,000 a week.

SHOULD WOMEN HAVE EQUAL PAY?

Once again, this time at the Transport Workers' conference, there is an insistence that women should have equal pay for equal work when they join up with men or take their place.

This is all-important for two reasons. One is that women, as human beings, are entitled to receive the same consideration as males.

The other is that, from the man's point of view, equal payment for female labour stops the employment of women instead of men, and prevents undercutting which, in the end, reduces wages.

Largely, women are to blame. It is hard to make them join trade unions.

Many of them, you see, regard themselves merely as wage-earners for the time which intervenes between their leaving school and their getting married.

Then, as a sex, they are more conservative-minded than men.

A third reason is that there is a sudden influx of women into the factories and workshops during a war. This war work is not permanent.

Regarding themselves as transient, they take little or no interest in trade unionism, which is the worker's only weapon and shield.

CAN THE ATLANTIC CHARTER BE IMPLEMENTED?

Never since the last quarter of the eighteenth century, when the Declaration of Independence was drawn up, have responsible statesmen put into such moving words the ideals of a new generation as happened when Roosevelt and Churchill signed the Atlantic Charter.

It is easy to dismiss it as mere verbiage. Already some of its aspirations have been embodied by Roosevelt in the New Deal.

The enactment of the Charter, as regards its social legislation, is a matter for the voters at the next election.

The international clauses, the pooling of resources and all that, will take years, of course. They can only follow the gradual education of less-developed countries backward in understanding of economics.

But again, these depend, not on statesmen, but the people's will. This must insist, and drive on a great declaration to its ultimate fulfilment.

Custom went deep with Captain Barratt. Every morning he struck eight bells and the red duster went fluttering up to the masthead as a symbol of freedom and a square deal

ONE MAN'S MEAT

HE wore a blue serge reefer suit and a bowler hat of ancient cut. A very quiet man, Captain Barratt; modest, retiring, almost meek and mild.

It was pretty staggering for strangers to find out that he had once paced the bridges of bucking tramps in deep waters.

The Captain's wife was dead, his only daughter married, and he himself, having lately swallowed the anchor, was sitting in a third-class carriage bound on a voyage to Brightsea, where he had built a couple of bungalows.

Right down the Captain's street, Brightsea. A pub, a church, a few fishermen's cottages. And Cape Horn (so he had named his bungalow) had a nice bit of garden.

He could potter about. Grow vegetables, mow the lawn, drink a tot in "The Ship" now and again, and view the sea which he loved so well.

Meantime, he intended to let the bungalow next door, the rent of which would buy his creature comforts.

For the first month the Captain was as happy as a sandpiper. He spent the time getting the place all shipshape and Bristol fashion; sawing, hammering, painting, putting out his ivories from China and his daggers from Malaya.

On the front lawn he erected a flagstaff with a ship's bell hung to a crosspiece near the ground. Custom went deep with Captain Barratt.

Every morning he struck eight bells and the red duster went fluttering up to the masthead as a symbol of freedom and a square deal.

Daytimes, he would sit in the little dormer window, sweeping the Channel with his glasses, watching the five-thousand-tonners beating up to the Nore in convoy, feeling a bit homesick for the charthouse and the lift of a live ship under his feet.

At eight o'clock prompt he'd put on his bowler hat and walk down to the pub, where he would sit in the little parlour staring with unseeing eyes at an oil-painting, purporting to represent the Battle of Trafalgar, and turning over old memories.

Big stuff coming over the fo'c'sle-head, the shout of a nor'-wester gone mad, the convoy wallowing in the darkness with long, lean destroyers keeping station.

The Captain rarely spoke. If a stranger gave him "Good evening," he replied civilly and relapsed into silence.

For him all landlubbers were a species of foreigner, living a different life, speaking a strange language.

WHAT Captain Barratt missed most as the days went on was one of his own kind, a ship's master like himself with whom he could be at home and swap yarns.

And at last it dawned upon him suddenly to put an advert. in the *Mariner*:

Retired ship's master, it read, *wanting the company of one of his own kind, would let bungalow at moderate rental. References required and supplied. Apply Captain Barratt, Cape Horn, Brightsea.*

In due course, he received a letter from one Robert Crookshanks, in which that gentleman set forth his credentials and intimated that he would come aboard, references being satisfactory, at three-thirty on the following Saturday.

Captain Barratt replied expressing satisfaction with the references and assuring his colleague of a welcome.

He arose early on Saturday morning, more than a little excited. He could hardly have looked forward to the Captain's arrival with more eagerness if he had been marooned on a desert island.

At half-past-three he heard a taxi outside. A moment later he leapt up, startled as a loud roar split the quiet afternoon.

"Hell's bells! You ham-fisted son of a soldier: is that the way to handle furniture?"

It was Captain Crookshanks reproving the taxi-man for mishandling his chest.

An enormous Captain Crookshanks. A great bellowing bull of a man with eyebrows like sporrans and hands like dinner-plates. A roll-and-go, rawty, rackety sailor-man, all hell and brimstone and roaring good humour.

He caught sight of Captain Barratt peering timidly over the gate, and waved an arm like a derrick.

"Aboy there! Captain Barratt?" He took two swinging strides, seized the Captain's hand, squeezed it till the bones cracked, and let it drop.

"Glad to meet you, sir. We shall get on well together."

"I've got a pot of tea on the brew," said Captain Barratt. "Come in and have a cup."

Captain Crookshanks' tread shook the floor. He walked with the purposeful stride of a man who knew what he wanted, and always got it. And noise came out of him. Loud reports as he slapped his thigh, stunning roars of laughter, the sustained boom of talk.

"You been retired long, Captain?" he bellowed.

"Two months."

"Two months. You know what it is then. Bombs, U-boats, all the rest of it. Well, I'm glad to be shot of it. Fed to the teeth. Not that I ever ran up against the Huns personally. But we were always expecting it, always keyed up, no rest, no peace."

"You were lucky," said Captain Barratt.

"Lucky?"

"Not to run up against anything."

"Did you?"

"In my last ship I was torpedoed. Adrift in an open boat for fourteen days on short rations."

Captain Crookshanks shook his head. "The men pulling themselves sick, eh? Heavy weather. Sunrise and sunset, with no ships, day after day. I know. It must have been hell."

"It was. We were machine-gunned on the third day. Three of my men were killed."

"By thunder, Captain!" bellowed Crookshanks, "but you've seen something."

"A little," admitted Captain Barratt, modestly. "In the ship before that I was bombed incessantly for eight hours. Deck-houses, funnel, donkey-engines—everything went. The ship was down by the head and making water fast."

"The hell she was!"

"We manned the pumps. Officers, men, every man-jack. And we got her into port."

Captain Barratt produced a lump of iron, handed it over.

"A piece of one of the bombs," he explained, "that lodged in my arm."

"By God, sir," boomed the other. "I take off my hat to you. Aren't you glad to be out of it?"

"A rest," said Captain Barratt, "is very welcome."

An enormous bellow of laughter exploded in the room. Captain Barratt's ears rang. Crookshanks shouted:

"Welcome rest! By the Lord Harry, that's rich! Personally, I wouldn't go back to that lot for a pension. No, not for ten thousand pounds."

Captain Crookshanks stirred his second cup of tea and gazed out of the window on to the lawn.

"What more could you want than this?" he rumbled.

A lorry arrived at eight o'clock. Captain Crookshanks took charge of the proceedings, and his salt-water voice was heard all over the village.

When at last silence reigned, Captain Barratt's aching head dropped on the pillow. But not for long. At seven he awoke to pandemonium.

Captain Crookshanks had got his radio fixed up. At full blast sea shanties were coming over, and he was roaring out the choruses.

After that there was a crash on the door which shook the house.

"Hey! Rise and shine, old timer. I've brought you a cup of tea."

Captain Barratt received the cup through his bedroom window.

"You picked a lovely spot here," approved his visitor. "Talk about peace and quiet—it's a paradise. Do you know I haven't seen dew on the hedges for forty years? And hark at that blackbird. Grand!"

A milkboy came along, turned the corner. Captain Crookshanks suddenly cupped his hands, let out a yell that scattered all the seagulls within a thousand yards.

"Aboy there! Come alongside."

Captain Barratt's hand trembled a little as he closed the window. He wondered if he had done right in signing the lease.

When he went out into the garden and found that he had forgotten to strike eight bells and hoist the duster he *knew* that he was off-colour.

He pushed his breakfast away untasted, a thing which he hadn't done for as long as he could remember. Holding his hand out before him, he noticed with perturbation that it shook.

"Oh come," he muttered to himself, "you're not an old woman. Pull yourself together. The chap means well. It's only his way."

Nevertheless, he felt that he must have a rest from the Captain. And, at half-past nine, whilst his new neighbour was busy in the tool-shed, he tip-toed furtively out at the front gate and disappeared hurriedly down the road.

An hour later he got down from the 'bus at Dumpton Creek. With relief, Captain Barratt lay down on the sands. Lulled by the whisper of the sea and the cry of the gulls, he fell asleep.

He awoke refreshed, and optimistic. Maybe, he told himself, the Captain would quieten down. Maybe it was just the excitement of settling down in his new home that had wound him up.

Perhaps he had been unfair.

DUSK was approaching when Captain Barratt neared Cape Horn.

The sound of hammering which he had noticed down the road grew louder. Suddenly, it ceased, gave place to a shocking bellow.

"Aboy there, Cap'n! Been for a cruise? I'll be along to have a yarn when I've finished here. Just fixing up a chicken-house."

With which Captain Crookshanks got on the job. Loud claps shattered the night. Ear-splitting cracks echoed around the bay, and it seemed to the nerve-racked Captain Barratt that they gathered strength with every echo.

But no, Captain Crookshanks would never improve. After a fortnight of sheer hell, Captain Barratt sat in a deck-chair on his front lawn.

He was beaten, despairing, feverish. Too limp to offer any comments, he listened to that forty horse-power voice.

"That's what I like about this place—it's restful. Peace and quiet. Nobody to bung a signal into you for not keeping station. Are we on velvet? I'll say so!"

And then, looking at his watch, he leaped up as if shot, ran indoors, switched on the radio. There burst from his front window a blare, an uproar, a Niagara of sound.

Sea shanties again.

Weakly, Captain Barratt arose, went in, closed the door and windows.

It was the last straw.

When the taxi called in the morning, Captain Crookshanks was cutting his hedge. He paused in some surprise as his neighbour appeared in the blue reefer suit and the bowler hat.

"What, shoving off, Cap'n? Where you bound for?"

Captain Barratt swivelled a grim glance.

"I'm going back. Back to sea."

"Back to sea!" Captain Crookshanks gaped. "You must be crazy. Whatever for?"

Viciously, Captain Barratt slammed the gate.

"Peace and quiet," he said, "that's what for."

And climbed into the taxi.

"John Bull" 10-Night Story by HEDLEY BARNES

STRANGER THAN FICTION

In a recent fiction story WILL SCOTT introduced a character whom he named Cummins of Muswell Hill.

Mr. W. R. Cummins, who has been in business at Muswell Hill for 45 years and is well known as the proprietor of the *Muswell Hill Record*, points out that a number of people have connected him with the character in the story.

We gladly confirm that there was no such intention on the part of the author, whose choice of names was purely coincidental, and we apologise to Mr. Cummins for any misunderstanding which may have arisen.

"It Might Come in Useful"

HUMANIST, dealing with hoarders, says their obsession has a significance difficult to explain—except in the case of food-hoarding in war time, which is simply selfish and anti-social

IT is said that everybody has a pet economy. If it happens to be string or half-sheets of notepaper it often proves useful, especially in war time.

A friend of mine, who is quite generous in all other matters, tries to save on ink! He buys a small bottle on January 1, and when it is half-empty he fills up with water. This is repeated until his writing looks like a faded manuscript.

Amusing letters on this same subject have come this week from two readers.

My husband is a dreadful hoarder (*writes the first*), and my home is getting so cluttered up with rubbish that it takes me all my time to get the cottage respectably tidy.

I don't want to make a fuss or upset the peace of the home, but this obsession of his is getting really serious. No matter how old, disused and silly a thing is, he just says: "It might come in useful one day," and stores it away.

In the tool-shed, washhouse, and all over the place, he has boxes of rusty nails, nuts without bolts, tins, razor blades, and bits and pieces.

The only thing he does not save is money, and that is because we haven't any to save.

It is useless trying to argue against a deep-seated obsession, and I think the wife would be justified in taking action. All those bits of metal would be welcomed by the organisations which collect scrap metal.

HERE is the second letter:—

My husband is serving with the Forces (*writes the young wife*), and I am staying with friends in a small flat. All my boxes and cases are difficult to house in the space available.

I keep asking my husband to let me get rid of all the unnecessary oddments that he has collected. The cotton reels are the biggest trial. But he cannot bear to part with them.

He says they will be useful after the war, but what for I cannot make out.

He gets very cross about it. He can't or won't see how difficult it is for me living in someone else's house.

Can you suggest any way in which I can make him see my point of view? It is a real problem, and more trouble-some than it may sound.

The cotton reels should be given to a teacher in a kindergarten or nursery school. She will find plenty of uses for them.

No doubt many wives could tell me of other quaint things which their husbands treasure up. I should be interested to hear about them.

This hoarding seems to be stronger in the male species. The miser collects money to gloat over, to finger, to count. Psychologists say it is a substitute for something else, and it is possible that all these other hoards have some symbolical significance which the hoarder does not suspect.

The majority of people outlive the craze in their middle 'teens, but to some it becomes an unreasoning passion with results which may be humorous or otherwise.

BUT the habit of hoarding may present a serious problem to-day, as the following letter shows. It comes from a man of forty.

At the beginning of the war (*he says*) we were all advised by the Government to lay in a stock of food for emergencies, and my wife, being a dutiful citizen, did as she was told.

Now, so I understand, we are all advised to keep one week's supply in store, and I believe we are doing so. But my mother-in-law has hoarded far more than this. She has an accumulation which should last her for months.

This seems unfair when so many people are running short, but she still badgers tradesmen to let her have her full whack every week; and if she can get more than her share she exults.

Her attitude seems to be: "I don't care what happens to anybody else so long as I don't suffer."

We happened to be short of marmalade last week, and as my mother-in-law has at least a dozen 2-lb. jars we ventured to ask her to oblige us. But not she! She would neither give nor sell.

I feel so annoyed about her selfishness that I am tempted to inform the local Food Controller about her. Couldn't she be compelled to share out?

The writer of the letter talks about his patriotic duty to expose his acquisitive mother-in-law, but I suspect that his motive is not exactly patriotic. There seems to be a personal grievance at work.

I agree that the older woman is acting in an anti-social manner and deserves to be denounced—but not by her son-in-law! Such an action might create domestic trouble which would go on for years.

Most of us could report people who have grabbed more than a fair share of tobacco or cigarettes, but they have broken no law and could not be punished.

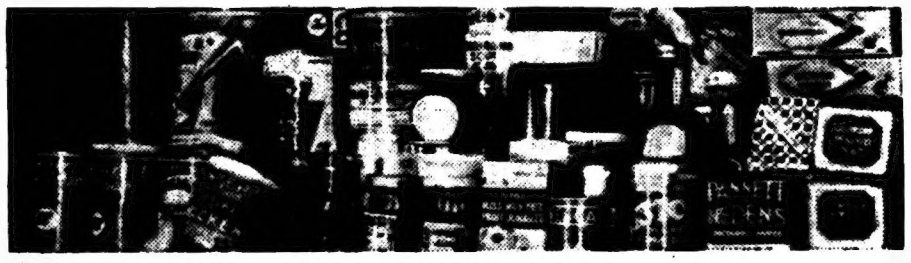
The remedy is to promote more public spirit or team spirit: Each for all and all for each.

Selfishness cannot be cured by Acts of Parliament. The real restraining influence is popular feeling based upon a sense of justice for all.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

She still badgers tradesmen to let her have her full whack every week; and if she can get more than her fair share she exults



GOD—and YOU

GOD Made You! Therefore there must be a part for you to play, a part that no one else can take and act another way. There must be script for you to read, a curtain for you to take, some rôle that you alone can learn to render without mistake.

GOD Made You! Therefore all your life is under His Loving Care. He knows that you are capable of the things you have to bear; He knows that you can carry on when you are sore assailed. But He asks that you should rise each time you think that you have failed.

GOD Made You! And it's up to you to smile and not to moan, because, however hard your life, it is something that you OWN, something that God entrusted you to take to Heaven's Shore, AND THE LIVING TRACK YOU LEAVE BEHIND IS WHAT GOD MADE YOU FOR!

J. M.

SOME EXPERTS GIVE YOU PEEPS OF THE NEW BRITAIN

By MAURICE FAGENCE

PERHAPS you don't know what a fighting man's dreams are made of.

They don't tell everybody.

I know, because I have read so many thousands of letters to sweethearts and wives since this war began.

"A house, a garden—and you."

The "you" part is assured. Most soldiers, sailors and airmen carry her over their hearts.

But the house and the garden? What about those?

Well, there are Government plans.

That makes us a little better than last time, when, just as the Armistice cheers were dying down, we suddenly woke up to the fact that we were 500,000 houses short of a Britain Fit for Heroes.

★ ★ ★

We built 3,998,366 houses in all—which means that we rehoused one-third of the population.

It was an achievement.

But, because we started without a plan, we made ghastly mistakes.

We strung hundreds of thousands in vast conger-eels along the arterial roads.

This time we are actually thinking in terms of providing the kinds of homes that our boys dream about in the long watches.

We may avoid some of the old mistakes. But unless there is a quick change we won't avoid all.

To begin with, we set up a committee: the Uthwatt Committee. It has issued a very valuable interim report.

It advised the Government that land needed for national reconstruction should be acquired at a sum not exceeding the pre-war value, and the Government has accepted that advice.

But it laid down as imperative the setting up of a Central Planning Authority—and that, tragically, has been turned down.

One of the most dismal chapters in the history of this great country was the Great Depression.

And a Government committee itself, in 1940, admitted that bad planning was a contributory cause of it.

It said: "We cannot tolerate a drift of development which gives over-swollen towns here, distressed areas there."

Yet it looks as if once again we shall start the task of reconstruction without either the plan or the man.

And there is really no need for muddle.

Two great books have recently been published.

One, entitled "Overture to Planning," by F. J. Osborn, is published by Faber and Faber at a shilling.

The other "Town and Country Planning," by Gilbert and Elizabeth Glen McAllister, is published by the same firm at 12s. 6d. net.

★ ★ ★

Within the covers of each and either is the acid solvent of all our old mistakes.

They show that new towns are the greatest need.

It isn't done by putting a trading estate and a good housing estate together.

You've got to add social, shopping, entertainment, recreational and other amenities—then it's a town.

Then you've got to make it a planned town. The youngest child, the oldest grand-mamma must have the right and the ability to take two steps down to soft lawn—and bright flowers.

The house has got to be right for size. The scullery has got to be right for work. The living-rooms have got to be right for comfort.

No pseudo-Tudor nonsense. Too often "ye olde" is a cloak for bad design and bad workmanship.

You've got to plan it all like Letchworth, where only 33 babies die in every 1,000, not like Glasgow, where 103 in every 1,000 never grow up.

★ ★ ★

Finally, you've got to throw a belt of country round it—real country, with horses, ploughs, cattle, haystacks and things.

From this agricultural belt your town will get food as fresh as the dew.

Then you have got to stand on the borders of your town and say: "Thus far will you go and no further." The high fares scandal must end.

The slimmer book preaches the National Minimum of Family-Living Space.

And both books show us how there is no need for the space allotted to us to be squeezed down and down by land values.

Professor Keynes said on behalf of the people who want a better Britain: "No humbug of finance should stand in the way."

And no humbug of finance will be permitted to stand in the way if these two books get a wide enough reading—particularly among those authorities who have the reconstruction of Britain in their hands.

"The ideal will always be the separate cottage standing in its own ground."

There's something for our lads to dream about

Amended thus, their dream will make the long wait for reunion much more tolerable.

And if it could be made something more than a dream—a guarantee—what then?

Whiskers wiped out!
BY 5 SALVO BROADSIDE—
with the
OLIVE OIL shave
PALMOLIVE
1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.
7½d 1/3d 1/10½d
Including Tax

★ *Still made from stocks of fine tobaccos carefully selected and stored in large quantities to ensure that the De Reszke standard of quality is maintained.*

20 FOR 1/1D
10 FOR 6½D
16 FOR 10½D
Cork-tipped as well as Plain

THE LAST LAUGH

D. N. (Iver).—"How do you think I cured my husband of worrying me to bake cakes for him?" You baked cakes for him?

L. K. (Newcastle).—"Although I am about to obtain a divorce, I can at least say I have loved once." Too often.

C. K. (Birkenhead).—"I rather put my foot in it when he said he was the happiest man in the world and had the best wife in the country." Did you say you wished yours was in the country, too?

NANCY (Hammersmith). — "My best friend hasn't any of his money left." What are you going to do with it?

WARDEN (London, N.).—"I was so very tired that, when my relief came, I curled up and went to sleep in my steel helmet." Didn't your knees stick out?

MISS A. G. (Dundee).—"I don't know what my sister will do when I have to leave home to join up. She will break her heart." See letter below.

MISS M. G. (Dundee).—"My sister's boy has recently been very friendly with me, but I have decided to resist all his advances until she leaves home to join up." See letter above.

J. W. (Selsdon).—"When the doctor asked me to say ninety-nine three times, do you know what I said?" Two hundred and ninety-seven.

B. C. (Stonehaven).—"It is very certain that few of our modern songs will live." And yet there are people who say we have nothing to be thankful for.

FREDDIE (Bristol).—"My pal was arrested for being intoxicated and driving his car without lights." He was lit up and the car wasn't.

T. M. (Wimborne).—"I don't know how my wife would get on without me. I get up every morning, light the fire, boil the kettle, and make her a cup of tea. I wonder what she'd do if anything happened to me?" Probably get a gas-ring.

L. A. (Tenterden).—"My girl friend simply doesn't know what she wants." You're lucky.

BARBER (Hackney).—"I had a heated argument with a customer the other day but finally silenced him." By clapping a steaming towel over his face?

WAITER (London, W.). — "I manage to keep cheerful. 'Thumbs Up!' is my motto." And a very good one, too. It keeps the thumbs out of the soup.

MISS D. (Evesham).—"I would like to marry a strong, silent man." Provided his money does the talking?

L. B. (Purley).—"My wife met an old friend last night, and you would scarcely believe how tired they were at the end of the evening." So tired they could hardly keep their mouths open?

P. T. (Finchley).—"As an old circus proprietor, I have always maintained that it is unwise for performers to fall in love with each other." Especially aerial gymnasts who might have a quarrel and refuse to hold hands at the critical moment.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"At 2 a.m. this mornin', sir, I found the prisoner in a cafe in the Arab quarter. Said 'e was conductin' moppin'-up operations, sir, and if I tried to stop 'im he'd ruddy-well become a pocket of resistance"

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side Slips."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"The loss of kit, particularly officers' instruments, such as SEXTONS, telescopes and binoculars, cannot be replaced for less than about double the compensation they receive."

DALKEITH OBSERVER:—"In the same space of time gondolas were built and the WATERS taught to row them."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—"It had a trade in big hides, coffee, and cotton, a large PEAR-FISHING industry. . . ."

E. F. (Putney).—"I have written a play about a crooner who gets shot but recovers before the curtain falls." We doubt if it will succeed. People like happy endings nowadays.

F. L. (Oxford).—"They hurried me to a dentist when towards the end of the day the cricket ball hit me full in the mouth and smashed several of my teeth." And then stumps were drawn, we suppose.

D. L. (Kettering).—"What is better than a hot cup of tea in bed now that the evenings are getting chilly?" Well, we find a hot water-bottle is safer to put our feet on.

E. K (Exeter).—"Quite often lately my morning paper has had two neat holes in the centre." No doubt part of the journal's service enabling regular readers to watch that the family is playing fair with the breakfast butter ration.

F. N. (Hither Green).—"How can I stop my fountain pen leaking?" Don't put any ink in it.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

● An honest, hard-working, respectable woman is Mrs. Mann, of Poplar, who is the widow of a soldier who served three years in France during the last war. She has a child of twelve to support; and her mother of 80, who is nearly blind, to look after

Last September their home was bombed. Recently, when sleeping in a street dug-out, Mrs. Mann slipped when coming out in the early morning, and broke two of her ribs. Since then her health has been so bad that she has been too ill to work. With only her widow's pension, and nine shillings a week rent to pay, worry and depression are making her condition worse.

Will you send something to help this distracted woman? Donations should be earmarked "Dug-out," or for our General Fund, and addressed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses.

CASH WINNERS

PRIZES VALUE OVER £325 WON IN "BULLETS" No. 1,285 and XWORD No. 237

£50 First Prize:—

J. B. Bulley, 15, Hanton Ave., Hillingdon, Hdds.
Example: HOLIDAYS ARE GOOD. BUT
Bullet: LESS MUNITIONS DO "TRAVEL-LESS"!

£20: H. W. Wise, 16, King Street, Leamington Spa.
Example: Pushing And Shoving
Bullet: Bowing And Apologising. Japanese!

£10: J. Eccles, 14, Trower St., Frenchwood, Preston, Lancs.
Example: Tanks
Bullet: Lambasting Mutgers "Lumber" Hitler.

£5: Mrs. A. Pine, M.B.P.C.G. Office, Wood Brunswick, Holidays Are Good, But—Sunshine "Bomb," Preventing "Bunnet."

£4: Mrs. E. M. Poulteney, 16, Torrington Rd., Claygate, A Little Less—"Grub," Means More "Gate-offing."

£3: D. L. Webster, Burghley, Highfield, Sidmouth, Fleet Of Munitions Before "Submerged" Means "Bombed."

£2: C. Herbert, 31, Oakley Rd., S. Norwood, S.E. Just Like Fuhrer—Distinguished Incendiary—Regarded Cayser!

20s.: Mrs. L. F. Harrold, 11, Woodlands Grove, Isleworth.
Fleet Of Munitions—Since Hankeys Hated Germans!

20s.: T. W. Fenton, 46, Weston Coyney, Longton, Staffs.
Black Sheep—"Pals" Rejected—"Fish" Re-dressed.

20s.: W. L. Hoole, 2, Park Ter., Chippenham, Wilts.
Piano Opportunity—Better "Sales" Thet Japan!

27s.: G. W. Adams, 48, Baker St., Tipton, Staffs.
Asunder Will Help, But—"Lift" Hunin's Sag "Drive."

20s.: C. J. Hoare, 92, Vale Rd., Portslade.
Hitting The Nose—Although Sister's Brushing Thumb!

A Bot of 3 Winners of 20s., 20 Winners of 5s. and 60 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

2 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 237

WINNING WORDS—1. Wanted. 2. Guitar. 3. Hoax. 4. Hack. 5. Hangers. 6. Spacer. 7. Hogs. 8. Fishy. 9. Gale. 10. Jungle or Jungle. 11. Frank. 12. Bungle. 13. Change. 14. Pilot.

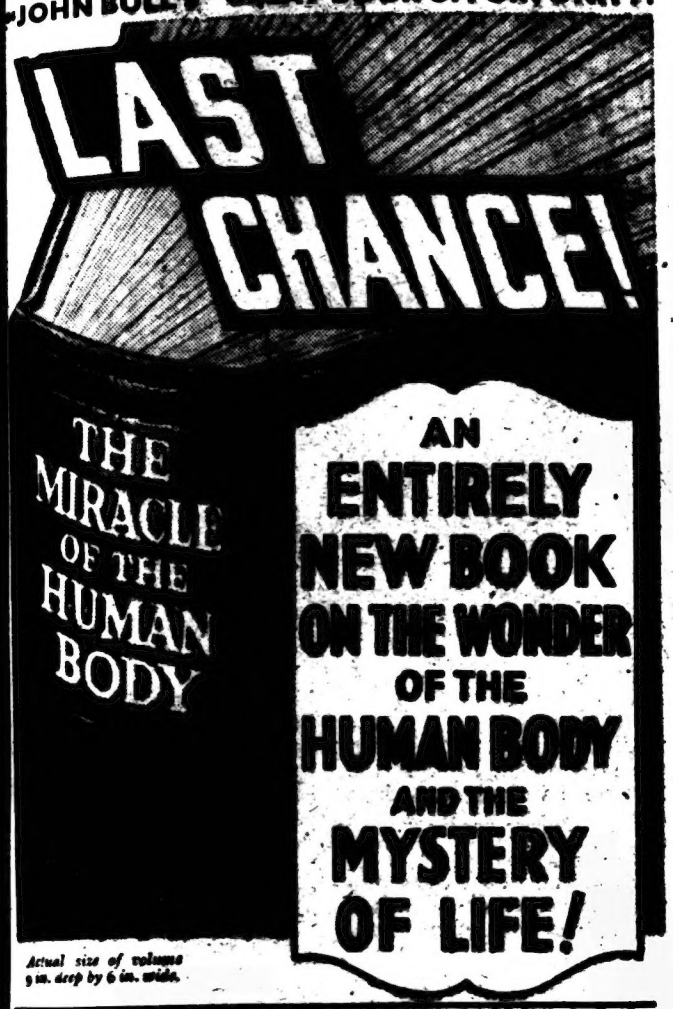
£100 SHARERS—E. M. Francis, 29, North Road, Brentwood, Essex; L/Bd. G. A. Smith, Hitler Means Nith, Kirkby, Dursley, Glos.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 48 entrants.

THIS WEEK'S OFFERS, WITH PRIZES VALUE OVER £325, AWAIT YOU ON OPPOSITE PAGE

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT BOOK OPPORTUNITY!

LAST CHANCE!



AN ENTIRELY NEW BOOK ON THE WONDER OF THE HUMAN BODY AND THE MYSTERY OF LIFE!

Actual size of volume 9 in. deep by 6 in. wide.

THE BOOK SENSATION OF 1941

READERS! APPLY AT ONCE! So tremendous is the response to JOHN BULL'S Great War Time Book Opportunity—"THE MIRACLE OF THE HUMAN BODY"—that this offer must now definitely be withdrawn. If you have not already applied for your copy you must do so IMMEDIATELY! This is your very LAST CHANCE!

The Human Body! What do you know about it? Here is an entirely new book, never before published, that reveals to you the amazing facts about your body. This is the first time a book dealing with the intimate processes of the human body and the powerful forces within you has been produced for every home, complete with detailed anatomical diagrams. The work contains 384 pages, 120,000 words, and 364 anatomical diagrams, radiographs and photographs taken with the aid of powerful microscopes. You would consider this tremendous work well worth every penny of One Guinea, but it has such a valuable educational prospect that JOHN BULL makes it available at a low Bindings Price.

You send no money now for this book, but you must apply AT ONCE on the Order-Label below. All applications dealt with in strict rotation. Post the Order-Label below TO-DAY!

To know life or her body, to know the vital functions of every part of the most delicate and complicated machinery ever created, is the duty of every man and woman, young or old, married or single.

★ *Do you know how your body was evolved? Do you know what makes you breathe, think, work, and love?*

Now in this book you will find—The Mystery of Life Itself—The Transmission of Life through Human Being—The Wonderful Workings of the Human Body—And How Its Various Glands and Internal Mechanisms Do Their Work—Sense You Will Make Personality?—Why It Does—Why Some People Are Born Blind—Why Others Are Deaf and Dumb—How You Will Make Personality?—Why It Does—Why Some People Are Born Blind—Why Others Are Deaf and Dumb—How You Will Make You Think?—Sex, Its Secrets and Its Power—Why Do We Love?—Why Do We Hate?—How You Think?—Sex, Its Secrets and Its Power—Why Do We Love?—Why Do We Hate?

WAR SAVINGS CAMPAIGN

". . she's putting 'paid' to Hitler!"

Yes. I suppose this war will be won by ordinary people just carrying on with their jobs.

It certainly will *not*. If our boys are to bring home the bacon, people have got to understand what we are up against and *do something extra about it.*

You're right there — but where does she come in?

She's started an Office Savings Group — and she's got the whole office to join. And I shan't rest until I've got 100% membership for *mine*, too.

I see, that gets them all saving regularly — which is what really matters. We ought to have a Savings Group in our office. How do I go about it?

Get in touch with the Hon. Secretary of your Local Savings Committee. Your Post Office will tell you his address.

Here's how you can put paid to Hitler! *Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into 3% Defence Bonds; or buy National Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks.* JOIN A SAVINGS GROUP AND MAKE OTHERS JOIN WITH YOU.

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

Your Chemist recommends —

CALVEX

BRAND CARBOLIC OINTMENT

YOUR FIRST AID

A very effective remedy for burns, scalds, chilblains, chapped hands, chafed skin, piles, ulcers, and other skin ailments.

CALVEX OINTMENT

A CALVERT PRODUCT

How to keep the Vitamins in the Vegetables

NEVER soak green vegetables for a long time, it wastes valuable mineral salts. Wash them thoroughly, and if the hearts are very tight, soak in salted water for not more than half an hour.

If the outside leaves are too tough to serve, save them for soup. The dark green leaves have the most food value.

Green vegetables must be cooked as quickly as possible, for slow cooking destroys their valuable vitamins. So always shred them — that is, slice them with a knife. Spinach doesn't need shredding as it cooks so quickly.

In cooking green vegetables use only just enough water to keep the pan from burning — usually a teacupful will do. Heat the water before you put in the shredded greens. Spinach needs no water. Next sprinkle the greens with a very little salt. Now put the lid on the pan. This is important because the greens are going to be "steam boiled" and if the steam escapes the pan may go dry.

Cook steadily for about 10 to 15 minutes, shaking the pan occasionally. Drain off any liquid from the pan and save it for soup. If you can spare a teaspoonful of margarine add it to the greens and toss well before serving.

FOOD FACTS

No. 56

RATION NOTE. *It may be useful to have this note of the foods which can be bought earlier or later than the period to which the coupon applies.*

TEA. One week earlier or later.

FATS, BACON, SUGAR. One week later.

CHEESE. Any time within a 4-week period.

PRESERVES. Any time within a 4-week period, or within the similar period earlier or later.

The 4-week period covered by coupons marked AUGUST is Aug. 25 to Sept. 21.

MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

THE FIREMAN SAYS

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE IT...

SHARPS ARE DOING THEIR BEST

V . . . — You feel "on fire" when you're lucky enough to get Sharp's—the quality is so alarmingly good.

Big Six Toffee - 1/- per ½ lb. - 1/10d per lb.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily: If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get those two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/5.

Fortify your Kidneys

UNDER present conditions most people are easy victims to kidney complaints. Overwork and worry greatly increase the task of Nature's filters. If they become congested and clogged, harmful impurities remain in the system and are carried by the blood stream to all parts of the body, setting up—

BACKACHE, URINARY AND BLADDER TROUBLES, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATIC PAINS, GETTING UP AT NIGHT, RENAL DROPSY, INFLAMED JOINTS.

Don't wait to be laid up! Take Doan's, the brand Backache Kidney Pills. This special kidney medicine gives sluggish kidneys the help they need, cleansing and stimulating them to renewed activity and health. You can rely upon Doans. They have helped thousands. Why not you?

Ask for DOANS. 1/5, 3/5, 5/8 (incl. tax)

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